"THE UNWRITTEN LAW," A HARRY K. THAW STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK

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DUPES OF DESTINY

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CHAPTER I.

A FORTENTOUS ACROSTIC.

Figuratively speaking, I was going over the line for a record. Through the big waiting room of the Cologne station I rushed like a whirlwind, then out under the arched glass of the train shed and along the platform.

Ten fence that separated the platform from the tracks.

"The train for Paris!" I shouted. "Where's the train for Paris?"

In order that there might be no mistake as to my desires, I rendered this freely in my best Chicago French, then in North Side German, and then again in my native English with which I am particularly fluent. The snorting of the snub-nosed locomotives couldn't drown me, and I don't think there was a soul in the big building that did not grasp the fact that I was late for my train and was making a supernuman and spectacular effort to get aboard.

Attaches in chocolate-colored uniforms, pinked out with gold braid and brass buttons, stared at me in mild reproof. At that precise moment I was the embodiment of the great American spirit of hustle—the spirit that had shoved my country to the forefront of nations and was making it, of all others, first in war, first in peace, and first in everything else that's worth while.

Suitcase in hand, I took a pile of luggage at a flying leap, overturned a small official who happened to be in my way, got tangled up in a chain with which a bushy-bearded Russian was lending a boar-hound, kicked myself free and plunged for an open gate.

"Wagon-lit!" I whooped; "wagon-lit for Paris!"

Then I was grabbed by an official on each side and another behind. After that I was propelled, without effort on my own part, through a gate and across a stretch of platform. In another three seconds I had been hurled upon the steps of my car which was already in motion.

A man with a lantern on his arm was looking down at me, scrutinizing the ticket which I was gripping in one hand and holding up for his inspection.

"Lower berth, compartment No. 3," he remarked in French.

"Out," said I, using the hand, as soon as it was relieved of the ticket, to button my collar. "I had fifty seconds to buy that thing and got on, but I guess I made it."

"I guess you did," said he.

The latter part of my observation was in English, and he answered in kind. I might have given this fact some attention had not the station lights just then afforded me a parting glimpse of the bushy-bearded man on the other side of the fence, and of a fist shaken vigorously in my direction. I was more than glad I was on the train, and I wondered apathetically whether the dog had sustained any damage.

The man with the lantern led me into the car and pushed open the door of compartment No. 3. Then he bowed me in.

There was another traveler in the compartment, and some luggage in the upper berth. A rare fortune was mine, truly—about the first that had come my way since that treasured rabbit's foot had dropped overboard in the Bay of Naples. I had purchased my ticket at the very last moment and had succeeded in getting a lower. Perhaps it was because I had told the ticket agent, when I pushed my money at him, that I was in a hurry and couldn't wait for change.

The gentleman who shared the compartment with me was standing with his back to the door. A diminutive grip was on the one-by-two table in front of him and he was extracting a box of cigarettes from its interior. He faced about as the stateroom door closed.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, falling back and dropping the cigarettes.

"Great Scott!" I returned feebly, collapsing into a chair and allowing the suitcase to fall on the floor. Then we stared out our bewilderment.

"Look here," my roommate went on, finally, picking up his smoking material, "didn't I meet you at Monte Carlo?"

"You did," said I, "or some one very much like you."

"And with the Cook's tourists going up the Nile?"

"Guilty."

"And in a gondola on the Grand Canal?"

"There, too," I replied.

"And yet," he added, shaking his head as he opened the cigarette box, "they say this world is eight thousand miles through and twenty-four thousand miles around! Have one?"

"It's not so large," I observed as I helped myself out of his box.

"You're from God's country," said he, lighting a match and holding it out.

"And proud of it," I responded. "The more I see of Europe the more I rise in my own estimation on that account."

"Same here. I think we ought to become better acquainted, don't you? My name is Casper Eames, Philadelphia," he added, with a pensive look at the tip of his cigarette.

"Anthony Nickerson," said I, "Chicago." We shook hands.

"Any particular line?" said he tentatively. I hesitated. "Oh, well," he went on cheerfully, "we'll let that go. When I boarded the St. Petersburg Express I had no idea of meeting any one I knew, or had been before, while en route. But you're the second person who has bobbed up and knocked my theory of probabilities galleywest. There's a third man, and if I were to encounter him I'd throw up my hands."

Stepping to the door he opened it and cautiously peered out. Then he turned and motioned to me. I passed to his side and his pointing finger directed my gaze along the row of stateroom doors to a sofa at the end of the aisle. There was a man there with a paper. He was a well-dressed person with a shrewd American face.

"Why," I whispered, drawing back astonished, "I have run across that fellow as many times as I have you. Hotel Cecil, London—Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo—P. & O. steamer—"

"This is becoming interesting," said Eames, his face furrowed with thought. "I saw that same gentleman on the Cunarder, again in Paris, and yet again in Basle. Have you any ideas on the matter of destiny, Mr. Nickerson?"

"Well, a few," I answered, thinking of that lost rabbit's foot.

We did. The other gentleman had already, presumably, recovered from his surprise at seeing me and Eames, but he had it to do all over again when he he saw me, Eames and I seated ourselves beside him on the divan, and he put away his paper.

"My name is Hapgood," said he, "Chester Hapgood of New York."

We gave Mm our own titles and forthwith dropped into a discussion concerning the ways of Chance.

"There is one other whom I have met several times," said Hapgood. The man had a pointed face, waxed mustache, sharp-pointed ears, narrow eyes and opaque eyebrows. Ah," he added, taking note of the startled looks Eames and I were casting at each other, "perhaps you gentlemen have seen him, too?"

"It's a face a man couldn't forget," said Eames. "He's the third man I spoke to you about." Eames added to me. "I have encountered him quite as often as I have either of you two gentlemen," and he flashed his eyes from me to Hapgood.

"That's my experience exactly," I stuck in.

"Strange!" murmured Hapgood. "But life is only a game of Chance, anyway; there are no set laws governing a person's destiny."

"Do you think so? Is it possible you do not believe there is method in the operations of Chance?"

The words were spoken in a smooth, even, colorless voice by a man standing in the open door of the nearest compartment. He had overheard our conversation and was now, with scant ceremony, assuming a part in it. Yet it was not so much the interruption as the person of the individual who made it that commanded our startled attention. Therein lay the culminating contretemps of all the amazing series that distinguished our ride from Cologne to Paris.

"Do you imagine that these chance meetings mean anything?"

"By the way," I said, "didn't we all three come together on that dahabeeyah? If I am not mistaken, that gentleman was there."

"By George, said Eames, "I believe you're right. It was on that Nile boat that I met both him and you. Suppose we go out and carry acquaintance?"

Here was the very person to whom we had just been adverting! In stepping about the Old World like three Gerolicks, Hapgood, Eames and myself had each encountered the other three separate and distinct times, exclusive of that forestathering in the European Pullman. There had been three double-encounters, if I may use the term, and our present meeting constituted the second triple-encounter. But across our

several courses the [illegible] intruding himself upon our observation had likewise drifted fortuitously.

I was aghast at the strangeness of it, and the faces of Hapgood and Eames were studies in stunned bewilderment. There was the owner of the security countenance of the waxed mustaches angled toward the eyes, of the peaked face and ears and of the oblique eyebrows.

The form was slender and unusually graceful like that of a maniac. Unobtrusive black set off the form to advantage, the contrast capped off with a black silk travelling cap.

But the man's smile! Designed to be affable and humanizing, it merely matched the glitter of his small eyes and produced a shiver. Hapgood was first to recover and respond.

"Ah, sir; I believe we have met before!"

"I have met all of you before," said the man, still standing in the doorway, his gleaming eyes darting each of us in succession.

A silence followed that was not only embarrassing but annoying.

"What the devil," blurted out Eames, only to be interrupted by the man in the door turning sharply full upon him. The rest of Hapgood's speech died into thin air, leaving him abjectly disconcerted.

"Just a moment," said the mysterious individual, turning back into his stateroom.

We had no time to exchange words, but with signs we which betrayed each other spoke volumes; then the man in black appeared with a large sheet of paper and a black crayon. There was no room on his an the seat, so he stood before us.

"We have here," said he, "no random combination of human traits, I assure you. Fate is not a diver; and, if she were, she would find the bottom of riches she was. You, sir"—and here he levelled a long, slim finger at Hapgood—"are a Wall street stock broker; you"—with a sharp swerve to Eames—"have a racing stable; and you"—in figure three to the surprise of the green-both fraternity. Cnance, had she been looking for material, could not have chosen a more unique setting for the dark construction she has in mind.

"Your name is Peter Hapgood,' and he nodded toward that gentleman as he turned his back upon us and bent over against the stateroom wall and wrote with the crayon. His body screened his work from our eyes. "And you," he went on, turning a side glance at me, "are Anthony Nickerson." Again he scribbled with the crayon. "And you," he finished, peering at the third member of our party, "are Casper Eames."

Having finished his writing, he turned about, dropping at his side the hand that held the paper.

"Destiny," he proceeded, "is not a bungler. She pays infinite attention to details. This may appear like a foolish coincidence to you, gentlemen, but I assure you that it is not. Kindly cast your eyes over this."

This he offered the paper to the stateroom wall with a pin, unfolding the following weird conceit:

Chester H appgood,

Anthony N ickerson,

Casper Eames.

I will not say that this development, simple as it may appear, did not startle us into a state that I had not known before. I for one, was dumfounded.

"Who under the canopy are you?" demanded Hapgood.

A mulled laugh came from the man in black. "Call me a Master in Chancery," he answered. "I've come to serve as well as any other. The three of you have come together from a common purpose for the third time look out for something impercipient to occur. Good-night, gentlemen. As for this part, I must take my again—at Philippi."

With that he vanished into his stateroom and closed and locked the door. Hapgood brushed a hand across his face in a troubled way.

"I am a stock broker, all right," he said, "but by the eternal I'm reforming as of yesterday."

I confessed, and so did Eames.

"He's infernally well informed," growled Eames. "Where the deuce did he get his information?"

"Possibly he's the secret agent for some one of the syndicates I have been over here," I suggested. "What he has learned may have been acquired—on suspicion."

"He talks good English," said Hapgood, "but he's not an Englishman. I take him for an American."

"Well," grunted Eames, getting up and stretching his ecrastic from the wall, "this is all tommy-rot. Here's what I think of Philippi."

Thereupon he tore the paper in pieces and flung them into the sea.

"I'm going to bed," said I, not very heartily, making for the door of compartment No. 7.

"I'm with you," remarked Eames, following.

"I say," Hapgood called after us, "something did happen at Philippi, didn't it?"

"If I remember right, it rained," said I.

"Phoo!" exclaimed Eames disgustedly. "That's ancient history."

CHAPTER II.

PLANS TO DEFEAT DESTINY.

Now that the "Master in Chancery" has tipped my hand, so to speak, I may as well continue the narrative. Although that pack of cards was really my stock in trade.

I was educated for the bar; in fact, one of the best men of my class. Things that ever known taught my young ideas how to shoot I do not remember, but I was a slender acquaintance with the work, I turned from it in horror.

On the day I left the "sample room" I walked aimlessly along South Clark street, wondering what I should assume as a trade, when in the street caught my eye, and an almost forgotten saying of my departed father flashed through my mind, to the effect that such an object brought luck.

Although the shoe was old, and somewhat straits in which I found myself goaded me to it. After a moment's hesitation I stepped from the walk and possessed myself of the cast shoe.

From that very instant my fortune changed for the better. Before the day was out I had become initiated from a scoffer of the supernatural to an ardent believer. An hour after I had buttoned the dusty horseshoe beneath my travel coat and I had rescued a resplendent person known as "Gentleman Jim" from the clutches of a spy by a State street cable car.

Gentleman Jim made me his protege, furnished me with means to travel for me and sent me to school. While my days were given up to the study of law, each of such evening was devoted to another branch of knowledge.

My benefactor instructed me in the theory of probabilities as applied to the great American game of poker. He also taught me how to subvert these probabilities by "stacking," "shifting the cut," "dealing from the bottom" and so forth.

In three years I graduated from the high school of gambling, and took a post graduate in its Relation to the Supernatural" winning a gold medal. Gentleman Jim was among those assembled in the cabin that at the time I read my essay and received my diploma. I remember that he seemed to forget the towering pride with which he clasped my hand when I stepped down from the stage.

That same day, in the evening, he allowed me to "sit in" with him at poker. A distinguished myself filled him with admiration, I am sure. "The pupil," said he, "has become the master."

Of course it was all wrong, and I take the severest censure for my priggish address at the obloquy heaped upon me by the gentleman. Gentleman Jim added to my curriculum; nevertheless, I was young, a boldness of heart which animated my benefactor. That it was a boldness misdirected I was to discover later, after traveling the face of three years and being thrown with Chester Hapgood and Casper Eames.

During my gambling days the horseshoe remained constantly by me, as some personal discomfort because of the difficulty of moving such an object in a state of poverty.

Gentleman Jim's amulet was a skeleton finger, and he was never known to forego the horseshoe for a similar object; but when I learned that the skeleton finger had been in his possession at the time he was still but caught by the cabin car, I resolved that it was not potent enough.

My luck-bringer became widely known among the fraternity, and one night I was set upon by thugs and relieved of it. My experience gave my theories of chance a severe jolt, for by every tenet of my belief the horseshoe should have protected me from the thugs.

Plainly my logic was at fault somewhere; yet this minor fact was overshadowed by another of incalculably greater proportions; fortune's tide had turned and was like to overwhelm me.

I think I tried everything from a horse-chestnut to a ten-dollar-talisman which had been crooned over by a West Side astrologer. None proved adequate to recovery my lost prestige.

Then I chalked upon the rabbit's foot in a pawn shop. It proved entirely potent. No sooner had I attached it to my watch chain than the tide turned and my pockets were mounted to the zenith.

Gentleman Jim, shortly after I had secured the rabbit's foot, "cashed in," as he would have put it, and quit the game of life. He had proved a splendid pilot in his trade among the Legislators—always good judge for himself of dough-fondness, night clerk conducted him to a room through a dark hall. In the morning Gentleman Jim could not be roused, and they wired me to come on and see that he was decently interred. When I got there they found that the blundering hotel attaches had put my friend in Room 13 I knew the cause of his downfall.

Gentleman Jim had left me all his property, enough to fill a trunk and a dozen packs of "readers." At the time he made his will, to my personal knowledge he had $7,000 in bank. And this, I may remark in passing, settled every point in my mind as to the superstitious finger.

Bereft of my friend and mentor, I determined to go abroad. There was something doing on the way across—not much, for I had not the heart for extensive operations.

After a brief sojourn in London, I left for Monte Carlo, the Mecca of my profession. After that I set out in good earnest to see the Old World, making use of my Monte Carlo capital on purpose.

During my grand tour I steadily eschewed the "gentleman" which I had worn. I will have been a "gentleman"—that term taboos the man who courts the goddess with a capital "F" and capitals but clings loyally to him who seeks the same end through other channels, is a wretched like man.

While feasting my soul on the beauties of the Old World I had forgotten the talismanic amulet of which I have already spoken was twisted from my watch chain by the rust of the sea and I returned into the depths.

The invaluable token was gone beyond recovery and I was correspondingly dismayed, yet, strange to say, no evil fortune overtook me, and I was not particularly on constantly expecting it.

Then I noticed the rabbit's foot I had begun meeting the mysterious gentleman who has referred to himself as the "Master in Chancery." The appearance I will not conceive of this as a proof that I was again under the influence of fortune.

Both Eames and myself passed a restless night in our compartment. We were up early and on perambulate into the passage discovered Hapgood once more seated on the camp stool. Then we learned that the mysterious man in black had vanished from the train during the night. Which in good's investigations were to be trusted.

Then and there all three of us resolved that we would remain together on that side of the water.

"The scoundrel! I had laid out for myself," observed Hapgood, "contemplated Madrid right after my return to Paris—"

"I was going to Paris, by way myself!" struck in Eames.

"What was my plan to a T!" I cried.

Hapgood's brow clouded.

"I don't want you to think for a minute," said he, "that I am afraid of this man in black, or the way he spelled 'chance' out on the wall. I'm afraid of like to fool him. We can do it, gentlemen, by two of us changing our plans. Instead of going to Madrid, I'll go with Eames over to Havre and embark for home."

"And I," said Eames, "will rush through Paris and cross the Channel to Dover-Nickerson here," he added, turning to me, "can proceed to Madrid alone."

So we settled it, and an hour later we were off the train at Modane to take the du Nord. As for myself, I took a cab to the Hotel Continental, Hapgood and Eames to the depot, each of us vanishing in other directions.

I had been promising myself an experience with a bull fight on its native heath and, after another day or two in the capital, I took the train for southward to the land of the dons.

Hapgood had the native element. I must have it. Not alone the piquancy of a game for high stakes appeals to me, but myself-love is a passion with me that stimulates the nerves and fires the blood.

This was my reason for courting the acquaintance of a home-grown matador from the original plaza de toros.

The Hotel Continental was my headquarters whenever I rounded up in Paris. On the evening of the day I left Modane for me. It was from Tom Colby, who was formerly an alderman in the ward where Gentleman Jim and I had our first "stake-out."

There had been a reform movement inaugurated in Colby's ward, and the name had been unpleasantly connected with the cry of "boodler." Whereupon Colby had taken time by the forelock and started investigation by going abroad.

Colby's letter had already been held for me three days, read as follows:

"Dear Nick: Well, I've got next to the five ones and do a little mountain climbing. What do you say? There's sport for you, my boy, and all the kind we can both appreciate. So far my peregrinations in this part of the country have had about as much 'go' in them as a Quaker meeting. Nothing has happened worth while, but here's something that's mighty promising. If you're on, and get this in time, meet me in Chamounix on the 14th inst. We'll show the world how a couple from Chi can amble up their little old mountain like a pair of big-horns."

Colby had me. By the 14th Eames would be safely settled in London, and Hapgood would be in the middle of the Atlantic. All three of us would be as far apart as though I had clung to my original intention and gone to Madrid.

At the end of my two days in Paris I was en route for Geneva on my way to Chamounix and Mont Blanc.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE ARMLINE.

When I reached the Hotel Montanvert, in Chamounix, on the afternoon of the 14th, I was disagreeably surprised. This was caused by a second letter from Colby. He was not there as yet—was, but had decided and left there word for me.

"Dear Nick: Have exercised my prerogative and changed my mind. An Englishman and two guides have just been brought in. They tumbled off the Aiguille de Grenon. Life isn't very dear to an expatriate, but I believe I'll hunt for excitement somewhere else. Sorry to have troubled you. Sorry, too, that I think it best to make the explanation by letter rather than to you and give you a chance to overpersuade me. I wouldn't climb that mountain for a ton of the Board.

That was the main trouble with Colby. He had the first sign of danger he was off for flight.

Naturally I was out of patience, but not seriously so, as I was leaving around Europe and might as well loiter in Chamounix for a space as anywhere else.

And another thing. I had the "great white mountain" in sight nearly all the way from Geneva. It had a fascination which the guileless news contemplated. It could not be climbed—Colby had failed me. Why not hire a couple of guides and try the mountain myself? I had been reading up on the subject of Mont Blanc during the railway journey. I knew that the Grands Mulets was the summit was about as dangerous as an afternoon promenade. Two days' walking, including the aiguilles, where the Englishman had succumbed, was another matter. I had the necessary nerve to outdo this chronicle with a feat of mountain-climbing, but rather I will say that I had the nerve. Events placed for me *by destiny*, to the supreme result that ended in overwhelming disaster, and an experience of the monastries.

The reader will please bear in mind that I was determined to leave Paris for Madrid, that I received a letter from Colby changing my determination, that the living performed his part as an instrument of Providence, and that I was in Chamounix, and that I was left in the limelight with Mont Blanc before me.

The landlord of the Montanvert was a most obliging person. He secured two guides for me and saw me properly fitted out with alpen-stock, hobnailed shoes, a hat with a turned-up brim and a feather, and an alpenglow.

Our porters, with the bulk of our impedments, were sent on ahead, while Joseph Ter us a member elected by the Alpine Club at a huge rock called Pierre a l'Echelle, four thousand feet above Chamounix. The guides and I started at half-past seven on the morning of the 15th.

Traversing the narrow street of the town, we crossed a bridge, and for two hours climbed a steep and rugged path through stunted pines and low shrubs. Now and then, as the timber opened out, I caught delightful glimpses of the ice towers of the Glacier des Bossons.

This glacier was on the right of us. On the left was a ravine with a mountain torrent rushing at its bottom.

Walking single file and winding backward and forward among the trees, we came at last to the Chalet de la Para, the last peasant habitation up the mountain. From this point the vegetation gradually became more scanty, until finally even the fir trees no longer grew about us.

The ground we now had before us, and littered with the debris of spring avalanches. Here and there were tufts of alpine rhododendron, and now and again we passed a hungry looking goat—skirmishing for something to eat.

A FRIENDLY GROCER

Dropped a Valuable Hint About Coffee.

"For about eight years," writes a Michigan woman, "I was troubled almost every day of the time down in bed with nervous prostration.

"Sometimes I would get numb and it would be almost impossible for me to speak a word. I had all kinds of drugs and severe bilious attacks, and my heart would flutter painfully when I would walk fast or exercise.

"I have taken enough medicine to start a small drug store, without any help. One evening our grocer was asking Husband how I was and he urged that I quit coffee and use Postum. Husband got some a pkg. and I made it according to directions and we were both delighted with it.

"Husband was able to quit his own work, without the least sign of my old trouble. I am so thankful for the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.' It has done me so much good. I haven't taken medicine of any kind for six months and don't need any.

"A friend of ours who did not like Postum as she made it, liked mine, and when she learned to boil it long enough, hers was as good as mine. It's easy if you follow directions." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

AFTER

You Are Well From Rheumatism When You Pay Your Banker $10?

Not a cent in advance—not a penny, remember, until you, yourself, can freely and unhesitatingly say, "I am well again!"

Should you begin the treatment, I will let your Banker draw against him for the money.

Will you under such conditions, to be completely relieved from that Rheumatism, spend $10.00? That is what I now proclaim Rheumatism. My hundreds of testimonials of faith in Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy has led me to make and initiate this proposition. Your word alone, without even your face, ever before me, I will Cure you of Rheumatism, or it Costs You Nothing.

I want to spread over the entire world, everybody, everywhere, to fully and unquestionably shout what I myself now absolutely know, about this unsurpassed prescription. The remedy is surely available—that is why no other Drug Store Drugist nearly in America, whether located in Maine or Texas, has been unable to freely obtain at $1.00 per bottle, Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy.

And under no one, who suffers perhaps for a hundred, even knows as yet of the remedy and its unfailing action again. That is, to awaken these unknowing ones, to spread the knowledge of this one prescription can do, I shall become within this offer, these facts, unrestricted and generous, to the free gift of the final outcome of what unhesitatingly tell of my plan to sell.

Reader, you that are hungry, fix an act of humanity. Tell some tortured and suffering one that there is yet one way to health—one way entirely free from risk, or of money loss.

For a conclusion, I will say this: Rheumatism strikes a fiend-at a average price. It is true that many will be cured with a bottle, others of my remedy, but chronic, exceedingly discouraged and difficult cases, may require two bottles, or even a greater number. He, I believe, who has actually suffered the pangs of real Rheumatism, will find by complaint of the price when cured, become one's choicest. Therefore these terms are needed in his particular case.

Address me this "No Cure, No Pay" privilege, with your name on personal letter. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Contract B, Racine, Wis. See what it means.

Do not prove this personal offer true, absent this plan. He has no authority, nor will he furnish any medicine, except to sell it at retail, both by mail or bottle. Write me instead today for my "Contract Agreement." I will also send my Book on Rheumatism free, or if you please, medical advice and book on other diseases.

Which book shall I send you?

Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 2 the Kidneys. Book 3 on the Heart. Book 4 For Women.

Remember, Dr Rheumatism we

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

At nine-thirty we reached a huge block of granite. Jean Carrier, the front guide, told me the block was called the Pierre Pointue. I suggested that the Pierre Pointue was a capital place to rest for a while, and Jean and Gedeon Balmat—the human chamois who brought up the rear—winked and laughed as I tumbled down on the rocks.

"That'll do you fellows," said I; "I'm an American, and when I set out for a place I generally arrive. Knock the top off one of those bottles of vin ordinaire and then I'll race you to the top. I'm paying for this, you know," I added, as a gentle reminder.

Up to now we had been on a ridge that buttressed the mountain and was bounded by the glaciers, but from there on we had to travel a twelve-inch gutter, which notched into a perpendicular cliff. I looked down—once. The next instant I was grabbed from both sides by Jean and Gedeon and restrained from leaping off.

"Don't look down, monsieur!" both guides implored.

"Pshaw!" said I, shaking myself clear. "Move on, boys, and don't pay any attention to me."

I followed their advice, however. Only a crumbling foothold lay between the three of us and what seemed like the bottomless pit, but it was best not to dwell on that phase of the matter.

The wind was up and down, but its general trend was downward. In about twenty minutes we reached the bottom of the ravine, and thirty minutes more of rough scrambling brought us to the Pierre a l'Echaud at the end of the ravine.

Far below, the mountain torrents thinned to grey streaks and lost themselves in the pine woods, and the valley of Chamounix lay checkered in diminutive squares of field and meadow. Above us, mighty plains of snow stretched far away in all directions, and dreary wastes of ice and pinnacles of the two glaciers, Bossons and Taconnaz, were everywhere in sight. Straight and bare, separated perhaps by a distance of two miles, were the two great shoulders of Mont Blanc, covered with vast masses of ice. Now and then some of this ice fell and rumbled tremendously across the glacier in a perfect fire of snow.

Such immensity got on my nerves and I pushed open the door of the shelter-hut and stepped inside. I and my guides were the only climbers on the mountain that morning. There were more in the cabaret, drinking their wine and eating their cold chicken.

One of these arose and came toward me as I entered. It proved to be Hapgood. My astonishment was so great as to defy expression in word or mark.

"We were expecting you," said he.

"We?" I repeated. "Who else headed you?"

He turned and motioned toward another man, who lolled near.

"Mr. Hapgood?" I murmured.

"The same," he answered. "There's no getting away from you, Nickerson. I was here when Eames arrived. We felt positive, then, that you would not be long in coming. Fate has thrown us together, and for the third time!"

CHAPTER IV.

INTO THE BERGSCHRUND.

Destiny rang its knell in Hapgood's last words. Instinctively I peered about me.

"The one you are looking for is not here, said Eames.

I laughed—a little nervously, I think.

"Oh, no," I remarked. "Twilight without the ghost of Caesar will be a tame affair."

Neither Hapgood nor Eames echoed my hollow merriment. They wore very long faces, indeed, and seemed imbued with the solemnity of the moment.

"I feel in my bones that he will come," said Hapgood.

"He said he would," added Eames, as though that ought to settle it.

"I supposed as much," said I to the stock breaker.

He shook his head with a helpless smile. "I missed my boat," he answered. "An hour after I had returned to my hotel a telegram came from a friend, requesting me to meet him in Chamounix on the 14th and make the ascent of this mountain. It is something I have dreamed about ever since I was a boy, and I could not resist the temptation. I thought that after all we should be widely separated, with you in Madrid and Eames in London, so I accepted my friend's invitation."

"What was your friend's name?" I inquired.

"Von Colby."

I sat down, pulled off my hat and looked absently at the rabbit.

"When I reached the Hotel de Londres," resumed Hapgood, "I received a line from Colby stating that he had missed the train and had left. But I decided to make the climb, anyway."

"That was identically my own experience," spoke up Eames, in the hushed tones of a man dealing with the unknowable. "A telegram from the same Von Colby overtook me at Chatis, and I came on to Chamounix and put up at the Hotel Quelby. Colby left a similar note for me, also Hapgood. I decided that I would not have my journey for nothing but would see the deal through to a finish."

I was speechless for several minutes; then, slowly, I gave my own side of this triangular entanglement.

It was strange that all three of us should have known Quelby—stranger that we should have acted on his request—strange that we should have decided to make the mountain without him—strange that——

But this train of thought perished of its own colossal incongruity and faded from my numbed brain.

"Let's have something," I said, and ordered Jean to open another bottle of vin ordinaire.

"There's no use fighting the decrees of fate," said Hapgood. "It's heads I win, or tails you lose. Either way you come to that. We three are in the same boat, and why not pull together? We could be as he peered at the bit of silver.

Eames shook a die in his empty cup and dropped it on the earthen floor.

"My mother offers the same counsel," said he gravely. "Did you come to your conclusion offhand?" he asked me.

"My guide, although a friend is now at the bottom of the Bay of Naples," said I bitterly. "Every conclusion I arrive at is offhand."

"The eccentricities of existence are laid at the doors of the unlikely and unlooked," remarked Hapgood philosophically as he nibbled at a wishbone. "I happen to be one of the unlikeliest myself, but I go further back. I was the result of a fortuitous gathering of certain elements, the crests of events following as a natural consequence. Accordingly, it is the very thing that Chance demands of us."

"Excellent!" exclaimed I. "My theory exactly."

Then why do you flip that quarter, Hapgood?" I queried.

"Out of deference to a purely human weakness. Every one, I believe, likes to have a decision affirmed by an omen. Flipping the quarter really settles no difference; it's a special coin—heads on both sides."

Eames chuckled.

"I run across a sir," said he; "my die is loaded."

I was above such useless makeshifts, as Eames and Hapgood might have learned had they read the essay that won the medal. A moment's thought would have been launched into an argument tending to show that a thoroughly rational mind would bring only the fortunate eccentricities of existence the possessor's way, when Jean Carrier put his head in at the door.

"Voilà le beau temps qui vient, Messieurs," said he.

We had been resting for nearly an hour, and now we arose, grasped our alpenstocks and filed out into the lighted world and started on again. We had become a party of nine, Hapgood, Eames and I and our guides.

After a struggle over the border of the glacier we regained the snow and bade good-bye to firm footing and comparative safety. With four guides ahead and two behind, we trudged in single file through the ice cliffs and hillocks of the Glacier des Bossons.

All the while we were steadily ascending. At last the surface of the glacier became broken, and the slope crevices so frequent and threatening, that we were tied together with ropes.

Hapgood, Eames and I were roped on a single line, separated with a guide who had come with Eames. There was a distance of thirty feet between each of us.

The crevasses, which I have already alluded to, Jean Carrier informed us were "bergschrunds." They varied in width from one a person could step across to a gulf a hundred feet wide and of unknown depth.

We made a laborious detour to avoid one of the largest, passing around the end of it over footholds cut by the guides with their axes. Then we climbed upward over a quarter of a mile of smooth rise, notching our way step by step.

It was here and now that the supreme event happened. While it may not have been the unexpected, so far as Hapgood, Eames and I were concerned, it was certainly the unforeseen.

We were looking for something extraordinary to transpire, but perhaps nothing quite so terrible as actually supervened. We had left the guide who had come with Eames, and to whom the three of us were roped.

This, then, was the fearful end which hard fate had decreed for us. By devious and mysterious ways Chance had piloted us to that desolation for the purpose of dealing us a final stroke.

Suddenly, with only a thirty-foot start, continued to lead our infernal "shoot the chutes" party. Almost at the very brink of the bergschrund the guide floundered over so that we could see his face.

The awful tenseness of the slide were temporarily escaped by the smiling features which I so recently recognized. I heard a shout, which was taken up and repeated by my two companions in distress.

Another second and he had gone over the edge of the bergschrund in detachments of twenty feet, disappearing into the icy depths. My breath failed—a deathly tremor ran pulsing through my nerves—and my senses fled!

CHAPTER V.

DURE'S FALL.

I drifted back to consciousness and found that Eames was beside me, holding a flask to my lips. Hapgood was obliquely inclined over the bergschrund's candle in his hand. The head and shoulders of the guide were visible to the left.

"He's all right now," said the guide.

"How do you feel, Nickerson?" asked Eames solicitously.

As he spoke he thrust out the bottle and released it. On the instalment the bottle disappeared exactly where it was placed, as though on a shelf. But there was nothing under it, nothing but space, lit dimly by Hapgood's candle.

"I don't know if I'll have a little of that," remarked the broker.

Thereupon he reached for the bottle, and a second instalment. He revolved half around, so that his head was down and his feet were up.

"Right me, right me!" he shouted.

Reaching over, the guide pulled him to an upright position.

"A little practice," said the guide, "and you will be able to maintain your equilibrium."

"How did we get out of that bergschrund?" I demanded, brushing a hand across my forehead.

"We didn't get out," the guide answered. "We didn't get out at all."

"Where are we, then?"

Hapgood's head was lifted back and the bottle was at his lips.

"I can't get at the liquor," said he, starting at the guide and thrusting the bottle away from him.

"Of course you can't," returned the guide, "Nickerson didn't get any either, and physically I suppose I'm about to run out of the flask."

I wondered if I were dreaming. "Where are we?" I asked again.

Hapgood averted his face.

"You tell them, Eames," he said huskily; "I can't."

"We're falling into the earth, Nickerson," observed Eames sadly.

"Falling," I repeated, "into the earth!"

"Rest rather," struck in the guide, "that you are being personally conducted into the center of the glacier."

"And you," I cried, anger taking possession of me, "are responsible for it!"

I shook my fist in the guide's face.

"There, now," said he amiably, "calm yourself. It is a rare pleasure to conduct three apostles of Chance into a world where your admirers are legion. Not that I'm sure you the pleasure should not be wholly mine. Have you stood over the edge of the bergschrund in detachments of twenty feet, disappearing into the icy depths. My breath failed—a deathly tremor ran pulsing through my nerves—and my senses fled!

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BLOOD GETS SOUR.

Tells How to Prepare a Good Spring Tonic.

At this time of year, says a well-known authority, the Kidneys become weak, clogged and inactive, failing to filter out the poisons and acids, which sour the blood, causing not only facial and bodily eruptions, but the worst forms of Rheumatism, Nervous and Stomach troubles, Backache and painful, annoying Urinary afflictions.

It is worth anyone's time now to get from some good prescription pharmacy the following ingredients: Fluid Extract of Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after your meals and at bedtime.

This simple home-made mixture will force the Kidneys to normal, healthy action, so they will filter and strain all uric acid and poisonous waste matter from the blood, and expel this in the urine, at the same time restoring the "full blood count"—that is, 95 per cent red blood corpuscles—which is absolutely indispensable to perfect health.

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DEAD! LAID AWAY!
The world's watched for the man to
cut wash day in two. He's done more than half—left only minutes—to
do what's left over, minutes that
there's new washing-machine—new principle, idea, method, NEW EVERYTHING
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noise, no smell, less time—no rubbing,
scrubbing, pounding, steaming, boiling,
no lifting—no drudgery—that's next.
Rub-No-More Iron, family washer
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Rub-No-More Iron, family washing machine
Rub-No-More Iron, family washing machine
Washing machine
Rub-No-More Iron, family washing machine
Rub-No-More Iron, family washing machine
Rub-No-More Iron, family

"How fast are we falling at the present moment?" inquired Hapgood.

"That is a hard nut to crack," was the reply. "For, as I have already stated, the velocity of our descent increases constantly. The first second of our fall we dropped sixteen feet and a fraction, say sixteen and one-tenth. Using this fact as a basis for figuring, the product of sixteen and one-tenth and the square of the number of seconds we have been falling would give us our distance from the mouth of the bergschrund. Would either of you gentlemen care to work it out?"

"So far as I am concerned," said Eames, "I'd as lief take your word for it. Mathematics is my weak point. I can hit off the chances in a horse race, but anything outside of that is a strain."

"Can't you tell us where we'll be in an hour?" I asked.

"In one hour," said our conductor promptly, "we shall be three hundred and ninety-five miles from the Glacier des Bossons."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Hapgood.

"In two hours," proceeded our imperturbable companion, "we shall be fifteen hundred and seven miles, and in three hours three thousand five hundred and fifty-six miles—roughly speaking, of course."

We were aghast.

"Suppose," murmured Eames, "we were to collide with something?"

"By coming down that bergschrund I knew we should collide with nothing; that is," our conductor qualified, "with nothing except—he hesitated.

"Except what?" urged Hapgood.

"Well, with the Center of Gravitation."

"Then, I suppose," remarked Eames gloomily, "that will be the end of us."

"Not so; it will result in the saving of you. The Center of Gravitation is resilient; it will impede our descent like a cushioned spring. Naturally there will be a shock, for we will be shooting through that at a hour at the rate of two thousand and fifty miles, but it will not be serious.

"I say 'naturally,'" he added, after a pause, "for about the only thing down there that remains unchanged and unchangeable is the principle underlying the Law of Gravitation."

"You appear to know a good deal about these things," said I.

"I speak from personal knowledge."

"You have been down here before?"

"Now you are trying to climb the barrier I have set up before you and me," he answered severely. "There are some things you are not to know, and that is one of them."

"Are you acquainted with a gentleman named Thomas Conley?" I continued, in nowise abashed.

He shook his head. I should have delved further into this subject had not Hapgood plucked at my sleeve warningly. As it was, however, I turned my ground fully as dangerous.

"You appear to be a very well educated man," said I, "but, tell me, does your comprehensive learning embrace the somewhat obscure subject of astonophany?"

It was wonderful, the change that came over the satyr-like face of our conductor. He lifted both arms. With a crackling snap and lurid glare, a ring of bolt shafts at me from overhead. We were traveling too fast, however, and the lightning could not overtake me.

Again he tried, and again he failed.

"Man or fiend, whence are you are," cried Hapgood, "by all the powers of darkness I command you to desist!"

A mocking laugh came from the conductor—our lightning conductor, as it seemed.

"I might have known," said he. "What I will bring it up from below."

And he did. A serpent of fire ran hissing at me out of the inner depths. In a twinkling I had come into violent collision with it, and for a second time consciousness left me.

I was afterward informed by Eames and Hapgood—many days afterward—that for thirty minutes I glowed phosphorescently, emitting a light that enabled Eames, at a distance of thirty feet, to write up the event in his pocket journal.

I was likewise told that our conductor disclaimed any intention of destroying me, for had I been incapable of being stimulated, two central preps would have been knocked out of the acrostic and the combination would have failed.

Meanwhile, in complete ignorance of this, and many other interesting things, I continued my comet-like plunge toward the Center of Gravitation.

CHAPTER VI.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

Again, for the second time, I drifted back to a realization of my surroundings—surroundings as unique as we were those of keeping my first recovery.

I was not in mid-air. Underneath me were rocks, yet I rested on them with a lightness that afforded no discomfort.

I knew they were rocks by the sense of touch alone. On every hand was still the same stygian darkness that had accompanied our descent, but now it was not relieved by even a candle.

What had become of the dim light? Its presence had been cheering, in a way, and I missed it.

No serious consequences had resulted from my contact with the bolt conjured against me by our conductor; at least, as I lay supinely on that rocky couch I felt none.

As soon as I had picked up the interrupted thread of thought and was able to deal intelligently with my situation, a feeling of intense relief ran through me. Whatever had happened, I was at last on firm ground and that tremendous fall through space had ceased.

I had been skeptical of the statement that the Center of Gravitation would cushion our fall and render it harmless. So, quite naturally, I was more than pleased to find myself alive and on terra firma.

"Eames!" I called, starting to a sitting posture.

My voice echoed thunderously and dwindled away in brazen echoes. But it brought no answer.

"Hapgood!"

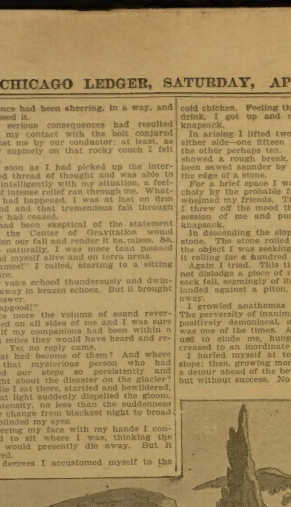
Once more the volume of sound reverberated on all sides of me and I was sure that if my companions had been within a dozen miles they would have heard and replied. Yet no reply came.

What had become of them? And where was that mysterious person who had come to our rescue so persistently and brought about the disaster on the glacier?

While I sat there, startled and bewildered, a great light suddenly dispelled the gloom. Its intensity, no less than the suddenness of the change from blackest night to broad day, blinded my eyes.

Covering my face with my hands I continued to sit where I was, thinking the glare would presently die away. But it endured.

By degrees I accustomed myself to the



The second bird carried a man.

light and was presently able to lift my head and look around. I was on the crest of a barren hill, and other barren hills stretched away as far as my sight could reach.

Overhead, so far as I could determine, there was nothing but space. Where was I, anyhow?

Slowly the idea was forming in my mind that what had gone before during the ostensible fall from the rim of the bergschrund had been merely a prank of a clouded mind. I had not revived during the fall; the events that had supposedly happened had been merely fantasies of a disordered brain.

By some miracle—I alone of all our party had been saved. Even then, I reasoned, I was not in mid-air, but on one of the summits that buttressed Mont Blanc. True, I could not see the great white mountain, but that might be due to an optical trick—an illusion of the eye fostered by the sun's glare on the snow.

Some fifteen feet below me lay the knapsack that I had strapped to the backs of my bearers. In it were a bottle of wine and some cold chicken. Feeling the need of food and drink, I got up and moved toward the knapsack.

In arising I lifted two pieces of rope on either side—one fifteen feet in length and the other perhaps ten. Each piece of rope showed a rough break, as though it had been sawed asunder by a dull knife, or by the edge of a stone.

For a brief space I was rendered melancholy by the probable fate that had overwhelmed my friends. Then, with an effort, I threw off the mood that had taken possession of me and pounced on after the knapsack.

In descending the slope I kicked loose a stone. The stone rolled downward, struck the object I was seeking to reach and sent it rolling for a hundred feet farther.

Again I tried. This time, although I did not dislodge a piece of rock, yet the knapsack fell, seemingly of its own volition, and landed against a piton, another fifty feet away.

I growled anathemas on my hard luck. The perversity of inanimate things becomes positively demoniacal, at times—and this was one of the times. As the sack continued to elude me, hunger and thirst increased to an inordinate degree.

I hurled myself at top-speed down the slope; then, growing more cunning, I made a circuit ahead of the bewitched receptacle, but without success. No matter what I attempted, that confounded knapsack defied every move and slipped out from under my itching fingers.

In a last flight it carried it to the bottom of the slope, bringing it up against a peculiar looking dun-colored rock, streaked with lighter bands.

"Aha," though I, "I've got now! If it goes any farther it will have to fall uphill."

With that, I dashed down the remaining stretch of the slope. I had half-voiced a shout of triumph when, to my consternation, the dun-colored rock lifted itself to a height of ten feet, disclosing a pair of legs below, and a long neck, a small head and a bill above.

There came a shriek like the whistle of a locomotive; the head ducked forward, two great wings were extended, and my knapsack arose in the air at the end of the bird's beak.

"Great Christopher!" I exclaimed, gazing upward in trepidation. "That was a roc, all right—the kind of a roc that played havoc with Sinbad the Sailor. I didn't know they had such things around Chamonix. There goes my supper, at all events."

I stepped down dejectedly at the foot of the descent and kept my eyes on the giant bird. It was a huge, ungainly creature, and, after hovering for a time directly above me, started off in a direction which I believed to be south.

Suddenly, however, it poised itself at a full stop, veered back on its course and thrashed the air furiously with its immense pinions. The sound of its flight echoed loud in my ears, and over and above it I heard the beating of other wings.

Something white flashed into view far to southward, gliding through the air with inconceivable rapidity. This was another roc, similar to the first, but of a different color.

My astonishment grew as I discovered that this second bird carried a burden. Sitting astride its neck and guiding it with a pair of reins was a man in a shining yellow tunic. I was not long in discovering that the white roc was in pursuit of the barred, or dun-colored, and was swiftly getting the better of the race. Almost straight above me the white bird overtook its prey, and presently there was a mid-air combat that, for fury, laid over anything I had ever seen before.

The man in the yellow kimono was after my knapsack—that was plain to be seen. The birds shrieked savagely, and their feathers and came together with beak and claw.

I was betting two to one with myself that the man would go overboard in the mix-up. But he did not. He clung to his bird-mount like a monkey; not only that, but he reached out to lay hold of the knapsack.

The barred roc was clearly outclassed. To retain a grip on my property was impossible, and the sack dropped. The man grabbed for it, but it slipped through his fingers as though it had been greased.

Thereupon the man and things. Although his language was obscure, the trend of it was unmistakable.

I laughed heartily. Thoroughly enjoying his discomfiture. The laugh rolled like thunder through the blue skies and the man aloft tipped sidewise and peered downward at me.

Another moment and he pulled his white roc clear of the fray, had wheeled about and was making a bee-line straight to southward. As he went, I could see him looking behind and digging in with his heels—as though I were after saw one. Meanwhile the barred roc was circling around and around in the air, glowering over a victory for which I alone was responsible.

But this did not concern me. My knapsack had sailed to the hillside and I was making for it with all celerity.

"There are more wonderful things in the vicinity of Mont Blanc," thought I "than scientists have ever dreamed of. I'll write this up when I get back to Chamounix."

I crept upon the knapsack warily and seized it like a flash. This time, though, it did not attempt to evade me.

Bitting it easily with my back against a boulder, I unbuckled the straps, opened the sack and found it—empty!

Of all the blows which fate had so far dealt me, that seemed the worst. I was fairly famished, and now after countless so many tribulations in recovering the knapsack, to find it bare of nourishment was pretty nearly the last straw.

I flung the thing from me; and then, berating my luck, I sprung to my feet and hoisted it over a neighboring hill with a vigorous kick. Simultaneously with the disappearance of the knapsack, I heard a shout from behind.

Whirling about in my tracks, I descried two figures racing toward me down the opposite slope—two familiar figures linked together with thirty feet of rope. My illtemper was straightway swallowed up in a spasm of joy.

"Eames!" I whooped delightedly; "Hapgood!"

In each hand Hapgood was carrying a bottle of wine, while Eames was equipped with a cold round of beef. Between them the fowl were waving joyously, and I hastened toward my friends as fast as my feet could carry me.

But abruptly Eames and Hapgood halted and remained where they were.

"Look out, Nick! Look out for yourself!" they cried; but what they were the matter of the moment, I had failed to discover. Even if the warning had been given more quickly I should have had no time to have avoided myself.

On the heels of my friends' shouts I felt sharp talons gripping my clothes and grazing my skin; then huge wings fanned the air on either side and I shot upward upward and far into space.

The very fierceness of the attack had set their souls upon me. Weak and powerless from despair, I saw my friends dwindle to mere specks on the hillside and vanish in the vast misty distance.

This story, which is one of the strangest ever published, will be continued next week. It will richly repay you to follow the fortunes of these men of the center of the earth, and ascertain what was their ultimate fate. If you wish to be entertained with good stories and humor during the coming year, subscribe for the Ledger. To each subscriber we will present a handsome stereoscope free or any six of our standard patterns, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Made a Mistake.

"I used to a be a fruit-buyer in the St. Joe peach region, Michigan, for a commission house in Detroit," said the man who had changed off to drumming for a wholesale grocery. "I visited dozens of orchards and bought the crop of fruit before it was gathered. Sometimes I made a loss and sometimes I made big profits. I struck an old fellow one day who had 600 trees in full bearing. It was a scarce year for peaches, and I wanted his crop. He turned and wanted cash. I couldn't get any satisfaction out of him. He kept me dancing around every day or two after, and finally said:

"'Stranger, I think it's the Lord's will that I hold on to my peaches until I get $3 a bushel.'

"It was a higher price than I could pay. I argued and argued, but he was firm as a rock. I went away with no pleasant feeling toward the old skinflint, but a power higher than mine was on his trail. A week later there came a regular tornado over that section, and of his orchard 400 trees were uprooted and not a bushel of fruit was left on the others. I met him in St. Joe and couldn't help saying: 'It didn't seem to be the Lord's will, after all, did it?'

"'I—I think I made a mistake,' he admitted after a minute. 'I think the Lord intended for me to take $1.50 a bushel for my peaches and to ask $3 a bushel for my turnips.'

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HIS WILLING LISTENER.

You have vowed that to win me all danger you'd dare,
And I really believe that you would,
You have said that my beauty's beyond all compare,
When you say so it sounds pretty good;
You've repeated such things till I know them by heart;
They've been said since I hardly know when,
And if nothing more novel you have to impart,
You might say them all over again.

You have sworn that to me you will ever be true—
I am confident quite that you will;
You have vowed hers is only one woman for you,
And I think that I do fill the bill.
You have said while you'd marry on fifty a week
You'd be happy with me with but ten,
And I listen with pleasure whenever you speak,
You might say it all over again.

Your inordinate praises would make a girl blush,
Do you notice my face is quite pink?
I'm aware that some people would say it is red,
But it sounds very pretty, I think.
You may edge up still closer; I hardly can see
No, I don't like your diffident men.
You have said that you love me, That seems very clear;
But I'd like you to say it again.

A QUESTION OF MONEY.

BY L. M. PIKE.

Many eyes watched the noticeable couple who wended their way up the room after the dance was over—she, fair, stately, her cold beauty typical of the Old World; he, expressive of the New, tall, lean, square-jawed, with a look on his face that marked the strenuous life among his New England stock. At the end of the room he drew back a heavy portiere for her to pass to a broad terrace where the roar of the city traffic could be heard. A garden lay below, dusky in a setting of many lights.

A curiously silent couple, this; their attitude toward each other was so undemonstrative that they might have been a hundred miles apart. Yet she knew very well that the end of her ball had brought her there to tell her so—and he knew that she knew it.

Half their friends had guessed why he had given this ball in his splendid house.

Theodora, Lady Vorulam, sophisticated within the room, her chair carefully placed where she could see the couple returning—promised to each other, thanks to her wily strategy.

Had not Lee been born a millionaire so shy, so nervous as John D. Vane? How carefully she had set out the line she fluttered herself that the most suspicious person could not have felt uneasy at her manœuvres. Yet she herself had had cruel misgivings. Phillipsa was not always tractable; at times she could be cold, silent, indifferent. Mr. Vane had been straight to Phillipps in his simple way, as during the first acquaintanceship. He had hung back, devoting himself to uninteresting girls or elderly dowagers, and had allowed other men to do Phillipps's bidding.

Even a hint dropped about the Marquis of Norcot—who would have been quite an impossible person but for his title—had left Mr. Vane apparently unconscious of the risk of further delay.

The fear of the failure of her plans was appalling to Lady Vorulam. She had met with conspicuous success in settling her other five daughters. Was Phillipps, her last, her loveliest, to share with her mother the unwieldy poverty for another season? Lady Vorulam gave her chair nearer to the red curtains and waited.

Miss Vorulam was waiting, too, in the curious silence without—waiting with such a passion of scorn and humiliation in her heart as might have startled the man beside her had he known it.

"Miss Vorulam!" he murmured.

She turned her cold, still face toward him but remained silent.

"Miss Vorulam"—his voice was cold, also, and very constrained—"I think you know why I want to speak to you here?"

"It is possible," Miss Vorulam answered, unmoved.

"I love you. Will you do me the great honor of becoming my wife?"

Phillipps waited a moment.

"Forgive me," she said, still very calm, "if I expected more. You are rich, Mr. Vane. Is that sufficient to you?"

"I could not hope"—he was not looking at her—"if not dare to hope that you loved me."

The avowal seemed a warning to her. This feeling was possible only to a girl such as herself, whose surroundings from her babyhood had made her sensitive almost to a point of morbidness. She knew if she told him the truth he would not believe her now. That hideous god of gold scorned between him, myself and the dreams of avarice, and herself, poor with that peculiar poverty only the well-born pauper can fully comprehend. He had come into their world frank, of extraordinarily unsophisticated but many things had horrified him before Lady Vorulam had decided he should be her son-in-law.

"Will you give me the happiness of showing you how dearly I love you?" he continued. "I am willing to take any chance if you will accept me. I admit I fought it against this, knowing myself to be not of your world. Every day all round me I saw examples of what we might suffer in the future. But, if I can help it, no suffering, trouble, or ill of any kind shall touch you. I have never met any woman like you. I am willing to take all the risks with my eyes open."

She turned her hands behind her. Her mother's need weakened her resolution for a moment—but only a moment.

"It can make no difference, Mr. Vane," she answered gently. "I thank you very much for the honor you have offered me. I cannot accept it."

Her face, in the shadow, had become very pale. One hand rested behind her against the parapet. He received her answer with inexpressible surprise.

"Wait," he whispered—"I don't want the answer yet. In a week—a month—a year—anything but that. It should be 'No' now!"

"It must be 'No' now," she replied quite steadily. "You deserve a wife who loves you. Not one who will marry you for your money."

"My money!"

"Please say no more," she interrupted hurriedly. "Shall we go back? Our absence may cause comment."

"One moment! I will bind you in no way. You shall come and go as you will. I will give you my name, my wealth—all! You may squander every penny. I shall never say you nay!"

He seemed to her that she could not sink lower than this.

"Oh, stop!" she exclaimed, as if he had struck her. He judged her, in spite of his love, as he judged the mercenary crowd around them. "Stop! Nothing—nothing you can now say will ever wipe out that."

On her face lingered no unhappy traces as they returned to the dancing-room. He was unsuccessful, yet there had sprung into his eyes a strange, almost exultant light. Hence Lady Vorulam's welcome to the world her.

She visited her daughter's room that night. They had given a friend a lift in their brougham, and had had no time for confidences.

"Darling!" she cried, fervently, and, relishing the expression of her own face, hesitated on the threshold.

Phillipps turned further. It is useless. I have refused Mr. Vane's offer of marriage!"

She slowly removed her jewels and laid them in their cases.

"Phillipps!" It was almost a scream.

Miss Vorulam drew her astonished mother into the room and closed the door.

"Mother," she said, "it is useless trying to move me. I have refused Mr. Vane decisively."

"Unnatural girl!" her mother gasped.

"Unnatural or not, I refused. I must be, for he offered to settle two millions sterling on me."

"The whole of his fortune! Phillippa, you must be mad!"

"It is quite possible."

Lady Vorulam hoped she perceived a possible solution.

"My darling child, you are ill. You are not yourself. You have been overworked, have been too much for you. I feared as much, carefully, gently as I prepared the ball."

"Carefully! Gently!" Oh, mother, I wish you had let us alone. It might have come in time. He might have trusted and believed in me. I have been a fool for myself. I have always read that in his face. He loves me and—hates me!"

"Phillipps! This is in the highest degree indecorous!"

Lady Vorulam was a conscientious mother, who declared she never stood in her daughter's light. Phillipps, Lady Vorulam had very little sleep that night, though when morning dawned nothing had been decided on the discussion.

"It must be Norcot now," remarked her mother. "He is to be with us at luncheon tomorrow—no, today, Phillipps, after this frightful flasco."

Phillipps did not try to undeceive her mother. She sat on the window-seat of Lady Vorulam's coach that June afternoon, looking singularly lovely, if a little listless, in her white lace and pale green—a man beside her, who looked like a groom, but her absent-minded glance was quite comparable.

John Vane was playing in a polo match when they arrived. He rode like a man who knows every beat of his horse's pulse. She dared not look at him, but was watching herself; but, during an exciting moment, when the Marquis forgot about everything but the sport before him, she stole away to some sheltering bushes and watched him with her hands pressed against her heart and her lips parted. Some voices roused her. They were Americans, voices, somewhat carefully modulated, and she recognized them. Scraps of conversation fell on her ears from the other side of a laurel hedge.

"He is not so sharp as he used to be—not by a long chalk!"

"Heard something of it—a girl, isn't it?"

"Dowager Vorulam's daughter. She hooked him, too! It'll be a nasty shock when he learns of his misfortune!"

Miss Vorulam listened attentively.

"Still, there's a chance of his hearing—"

"Not within a few hours, I guess anyway. You bet I squared Peters there!"

"I suppose"—the regular was evidently ashamed of his own proposal—"we couldn't let him in—old fellow and all?"

"It would!" washeconteptuous answer. "Vane's been caught napping. He isn't the Midas he used to be, now he's got a fine feeling after a woman at the wrong time!"

"It'll cripple Vane badly."

"Hasn't he got a pile in his side. Ruin must touch some. Best touch him who is able to work as he worked before. I ain't sorry of these things. Have no sense to pity."

The speakers passed on.

The meaning dawned on her understanding that some crisis threatened John Vane—no, not himself, but the power between her and himself. These two men stood to gain by the fall of the young "Machinery King." Vane was the one likely to gain by it? When her mother at length found her she was still trembling, having by mistress of her own actions.

On the homeward journey Lord Norcot was a little disappointed with Miss Vorulam.

The failure of John D. Vane, the "Machinery King"—owing to some strange diplomacies on his part—in not securing a patent offered to him by its inventor, which revolutionized the machinery world, and particularly aimed a blow at those machines of which John Vane held sole control—was noised over London within forty-eight hours.

Could any one realize the terror of Phillipps Vorulam in the black days that followed? She heard that he had gone direct to America, had worked night and day to try to avert the crash—and failed. The crisis was slow but inevitable.

The Marquis of Norcot was back in England—that the great house in Park Lane had been sold. That he seemed to sink out of sight, and she heard no more of him. She ventured to ask her friends one or two questions concerning him. He was apparently forgotten.

A terrible revulsion of feeling now opened her eyes to the enormity of her own conduct. By her silence she had robbed him of the labor of his life. Had any other young woman ever stooped to such depths of cowardice? Her face burned. She had judged herself against his wealth, and deemed him amply repaid by—herself! It had not come to her before in this humiliating guise. No wonder she dreaded a chance meeting, yet longed for one. She was longing that that made her heart leap a hundred times when she imagined a figure like his in the streets. But John Vane had apparently sunk into merciful obscurity.

"Dear child," her mother had said, "what perspicacity on your part. It would have been so awkward to break the engagement nicely."

One bleak day in February a card was brought to Lady Phillipps Vane as she sat with her mother. The girl's eyes began to blaze with excitement that Lady Vorulam broke off in her impatient reception of it. She looked coldly, and let the card slip to the floor.

"Not at home, Dymond," she drawled.

Phillipps must have had confidence. Her mother had known she would have an unusually stormy interview. Phillipps directed the door had closed, but she never expected that. In a moment she watched her defiant daughter leave the room. She was conscious something horrible was going to happen, but was powerless to prevent it.

Phillipps proceeded downstairs. The drawing-room door was shut. She waited outside. Surely this moment was the worst of all.

Mr. Vane was standing, gaunt and careworn, in the room. Little patches of wintry sunlight played about him on the carpet. Phillipps never forgot this scene—nor what she endured in her struggle against the man making no attempt to approach him. As for him, he looked at her as a man looks at a look who had been starved all his life from beauty.

"I," he explained hesitatingly—and after a long look at her he did not seem to consider that anybody else existed—"I could not leave England without first coming to thank you for the kindness to me, for your kindness to me."

It was necessary that she should speak. She could not very well rush into her mad confession without warning the poor man. "You are leaving England?" she asked faintly.

"There is no room for me in this crowd now," he said, smiling.

"You have lost everything—"

"Almost—just enough left that I shall not have to begin again on the lowest rung." He seemed to find a certain grim interest—extraordinary equanimity, as though he had something else far more important to say to her. "Miss Vorulam—"

"Please tell me how it was," she said. He looked surprised.

"It was some patent Van Loeben got hold of," he said, "that I was willing to buy. I had understood from Peters, my manager, that the terms were very favorable to ourselves. However, Van Loeben got wind of it. Van Loeben, perhaps, was prejudiced and colored. "He bought Peters over, and the thing was done."

"Was Van Loeben a friend of yours?"

"Doesn't look like that!" he said hurriedly. "I am not sure that I used to feel in the old days. I am not the sort of fellow who ought to be rich. You, of all people, know that. This is what I want to say to you before I go. You were an angel in my life. You raised me up when I had fallen so low that I could belittle the nature of the woman I love. Can you ever forgive that? You said once you never could forget it."

He was coming nearer to her. She put out her hand as though to keep him back.

"Please wait!" she said, her face like snow. "It is I who should ask your forgiveness. Please do not move or speak until I have done. At Hurlingham, the day after your dance, I heard two men discussing your affairs. One was Mr. Van Loeben. I guessed their meaning. If they could keep a certain matter from your knowledge for twenty-four hours they would enrich themselves at your expense. I could have gone to you and saved you had I wished, but I chose not to do so!"

A profound silence followed. Were there no words adequately to convince him of the burning humiliation in her heart? Her fingers twitched convulsively. Twice her hands had made a movement as if to cover her face.

"Can you guess why I did so?"

He stared at her in amazement and shook his head.

"I do not expect or hope for any forgiveness. I can only atone in a small part by telling you all, by abasing myself—"

"Stop!" he had tried to interrupt her. "It seemed at first a glorious thing—to be able to remove the barrier between you and me. Oh, wait! Oh, wait!" she entreated piteously, vainly, for he was the last thing in the world to make John wait.

"Go on—go on!" he whispered.

"It was when I thought you were poor I might come to you and tell you I loved you and that you were one man out of a million. I make me I would be content to be with you!"

"Darling! Darling!"

After this there was no more to be said, except by Theodora, Lady Vorulam—and, really, she might just as well have said nothing at all.

An Anecdote of Jackson.

A vacancy occurred during his administration in the bureau of one of the auditors, and General Jackson wrote a very urgent letter of recommendation for the auditor in behalf of a young man from Tennessee, with whose fitness and capacity the general was acquainted.

With the letter in hand, the applicant called upon the auditor, who replied that he had the highest regard for General Jackson's recommendation, but that Mr. Burns was so variously and strongly recommended that he should be compelled to fill the vacancy with his name. The applicant quickly took up his letter and said, with a frankness and with Western frankness and directness that was refreshing, while somewhat chagrined repaired to the White House and reported the general his letter.

"What's the matter?" asked the old chief. "Mr. Burns he can't get it, can he, General?"

"Well," he said the gentle inquiry.

"He says he has the highest respect for your recommendation, but Mr. Burns was so strongly and variously recommended that he felt compelled to give it to him."

"Mr. Burns is he related to you? Compelled to give it to him!" And so saying, he pulled the bell sharply. "To have the highest respect for my recommendation is to follow it."

"Tell," he said to the messenger, "tell the auditor that I wish to see him. Keep your seat, sir," to the disappointed.

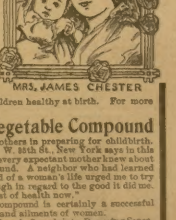
In a few minutes the auditor made his appearance, and the general, gleefully exultant, had returned to him, asked the startled official why he had not given the situation to the applicant whom he recommended.

"I know Mr. Burns, sir; he is your relative, sir; and I also know this gentleman; and, I should like to know your recommendation is stronger than that of the President of the United States?"

The Tennessean got the office, and it is needless to say the auditor came near losing his.

Some run-down reputations couldn't be uplifted with dynamite.

MOTHERHOOD



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Many a man who has his price gives himself away.

Cupid employs a lot of chaperons in his match factory.

A fool for luck is a man who succeeds in getting what you want.

The faster a man travels the harder it is for him to pay as he goes.

Excessive politeness seldom has anything in common with the truth.

She is a wise wife who pretends to believe everything her husband tells her.

It is easier for most people to follow the band than it is to face the music.

Lazy men are always talking about some other man who is lucky in luck.

Every hatchet-faced gossip is in her glory when it comes to wielding a hammer.

When a woman forgets an injury she keeps forgetting that she has forgotten it.

San Francisco is making a determined effort to eliminate graft. It has a man's job.

The average man wastes a lot of time wondering why he isn't making more money.

In some parts of the country people are having their heat prostrations early to avoid the rush.

Parisians think the Thaw trial slow. They miss the court procedure, not its subject matter.

No, Cordelia, the cloak of friendship and the mantle of charity are not made from the same piece of cloth.

An anxious couple were recently married in Chicago, but have no intention of going through life hand in hand.

It is easy now to understand the cause of San Francisco's earthquake. It was trying to shake off the grafters.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, by means of its ordinance requiring bachelors to marry, seems to be sowing for a crop of divorces.

Mr. Rockefeller asserts that the wicked railroads are overcapitalized. There! Somebody has shocked that good man again.

Japan has made its term of compulsory education for children five years longer than it was before. This is a greater defensive measure than any number of new guns.

Evidently the trial of the slayer of Whitechapel Jack is to be conducted for the purpose of giving British insanity experts enough money to live on the rest of their lives.

Would it be considered a compliment to Uncle Sam or not that the railroads, groaning under State regulation, are turning to the Federal Government and the good old Interstate Commerce Commission—the kind they have always used—for relief?

HOUSE OF THE MIDNIGHT SOUND.

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"That, I presume, was a combination affair of dining room and kitchen."

He went into this bare back room and discovered that at the far end of the parallelogram that enclosed the staircase there was another upright door.

He traversed the back room and opened this door.

A cold, clammy breath rose in his face.

"A cellar," he muttered to himself. "Ugh! what an unhealthy smell."

He started down the night of steep, short steps.

The cellar was intensely dark.

Keeneyes glanced at the floor the grip, which, up to this time, he had been swinging in his hand.

From the grip he drew forth a dark lantern.

He looked up at the uncurtained window.

On the tall weeds outside the evening sun was shining with a rich and homely good cheer.

"About six o'clock," whispered the detective.

He lit the dark lantern and cautiously ascended the steep cellar stairs.

He reached the floor without incident.

He again revealed a vacant chamber save for an empty box and an empty barrel.

Near the ceiling was a window about four feet long and two feet wide.

It was so closely boarded up that not a ray of sunlight could penetrate to the underground apartment.

"That's queer," reflected the Keeneyes; "but it is of no use for me to let in any daylight."

He smiled grimly.

Having scrutinized the walls and ceiling with minute care without making one step forward, he turned his attention to the concrete floor.

"What have we here?" he asked softly.

In the center of the floor was a round hole about three feet in diameter.

Keeneyes cautiously approached it.

He found that this circular opening in the floor was the mouth of a perpendicular drain.

The floor slanted slightly toward the orifice from each corner.

The tiling was the vent for water that entered the cellar after heavy rains.

"Just so," remarked Keeneyes.

He noted that the floor was in a way that the intense rays fell into the wide-throated piping.

There was a fall of about four feet, sheer.

Then the tiling made a circular bend toward the back yard.

"Wonder where it goes?" reflected Keeneyes. "Wonder if it's large?"

The water must accumulate here very rapidly to call for so wide a drainpipe."

He went from the hole and examined the empty box and the empty barrel with minute care.

Evidently they had been there a long time as evinced by the blue mould.

The barrel stood by the box.

"Very good," said Keeneyes, apostrophizing the barrel, "the best you ever, my friend; you do capitally as you are."

The lasting elan of the barrel seemed deserving of attention Keeneyes went above and extinguished his dark lantern.

The bright golden rays of outside would, as presented at the window came as a distinct relief.

Keeneyes unlocked the back door and looked out.

A path had been cut through the weeds to the well and the grape arbor, but otherwise the long grass was left to the intention of going through life hand in hand.

"Ah's the way with a rented house," Keeneyes moralized. "Well, I'll not work myself to death, for diminishing on the place."

He smiled as if his meaning were deeper than his words indicated, and softly closed the door.

He reached his dark lantern in his grip and carried the latter upstairs.

As he ascended, he looked at each step, but the naked boards told him nothing. Moreover, it was rather dark on the boxed-in staircase.

This did not trouble Keeneyes in the least. He was in no hurry.

The staircase went up into the room above without any enclosure about the head save a railing on one side, the upstairs wall continuing with the wall below, shut in the staircase on the other side and rear.

Thus, in coming upstairs, one emerged without the opening of any door, into the middle of one side of the room.

In this room were a number of rejected newspapers, pasteboard and cigar boxes and other manifestations of moving.

"This was the daughter's bedroom," observed Keeneyes. "We will now take a look at the haunted chamber—the room of the midnight noise."

Opposite the head of the staircase was the partition door.

It stood open.

Keeneyes entered Jack Allen's former bedroom.

The room was irregular in shape, for it had yielded to the slope of the sloping roof. In fact it was not a full-story room.

There was one window, narrow in proportion to its length.

The shape of the room was such that one instinctively selected the wall next the window as a position suitable to a bed.

Evidently the washstand had stood at the left side of the window.

As Jack Allen had remarked in regard to his position, there seemed no other place in the room where it could have stood.

There was no mantelpiece, nor, in fact, ledge, had taken place just at that place—on the left of the narrow window.

Keeneyes went to the window and looked out to discover if the roof was flat enough for an intruder means of climbing up to the window.

But, no. If the agent of the sound had come through that window, it must have sealed a ladder or scaled through on wings.

Keeneyes examined the bare floor where the washstand had stood, with minutest care.

There was absolutely no mark of any sort on the floor that could distinguish these from those of any other part of the room.

The walls were likewise disappointing.

The detective spent two hours in his scrutiny of the bedroom.

His rapid and bewildering clews with a briskness of time and swiftness of survey marvelous to observers, for once baffled him.

"It must be," Keeneyes said at last "that there are clews here if I should find them."

Of course a sound can leave no trace on wood or plastering. But that which produces the sound—it must be material. How does it get into this room and vanish? And if it is not in this room, why does it seem to be in this room?

Then he had the thought that something might be between the walls. What? mice? Why, mice always gave a whole, and why make but a single rap or fall? Keeneyes shook his head.

Then he rubbed his hands with a pleased smile. "I like this," he muttered; "here is food to reflection. Such luck is a mystery even to me."

Keeneyes leased the day rather busily. He purchased a cot, bed clothing, a second-hand chair, a bucket and basin and some books.

He also took the pains to find out where the old washstand had gone.

Also, he rented a lamp and a few other conveniences.

He took his meals at a restaurant.

When it grew dark he turned on every electric light in the entire house, and sat seating himself in the barren parlor on his chair, he placed his writing tablet upon his knee and began to entertain pen. He was engaged upon his autobiography, an enchantibile letter to Kenneyes Keeneyes.

When his watch told him that it was ten o'clock he put the MS. in his grip, took up the chair under his arm and turned off all the electric lights.

Then he went to Jack Allen's former bedroom.

Where Allen's bed had stood now rested the cot.

Keeneyes stationed his one chair where Allen's washstand had stood, moved to it, from the floor, his bucket of water and the basin.

His movements were directed by the lamp.

When these arrangements were completed, he went to the parlor, lighted lamp dangerously upon the mattress at the side of his pillow and read one of his purchased books.

The book was by Kipling and Keeneyes soon grew interested.

Realizing that sleep was out of the question, he flung the volume angrily across the room, muttering, "What great big bores, why can't you tell about something that happens?"

As there was no defense offered by Kipling, Keeneyes picked up other book. It was one of Henry James' later works.

Keeneyes read several chapters with gathering confusion and perplexity. Finally he said aloud:

"This is inexcusable. This is simply intolerable. I have read four chapters and have not yet found a clew."

He threw the English American after the Americanized Englishman and peevishly blew out the lamp.

His dark lantern was lighted, but the slide shut off every particle of light.

He thought it was about one o'clock, he rose softly and rested upon the edge of the cot, waiting for the mysterious midnight visitation.

Presently the detective was disconcerted by a soft radiance shining in through the narrow window. An old moon had risen.

A mellow bar of moonlight struck across the floor and fell upon one bare foot of the detective.

He drew it under him quickly as if it had been chilled.

Now every part of the room was revealed by the moon which, like a prying old woman, penetrated to the most secret corner.

Suddenly out of the stillness of the night rang the single stroke of the bell of the town clock.

CHAPTER VI.

ALONE WITH THE MIDNIGHT SOUND.

The echo of the single stroke of the town clock died away.

The moment had now come when the mysterious sound should manifest itself in the room.

Keeneyes who had been sitting upon the edge of his cot like a white mouse, ready to spring, rose to his bare feet and faced the spot where Jack Allen's washstand used to rest.

The bright moonlight accented the silence in the room.

There was no noise.

Keeneyes waited.

At first he felt breathless suspense, coupled with the certainty that if the mystery presented itself he would solve it.

Then came anxious waiting.

Then came disappointment.

The midnight visitation had failed him.

He must come to be investigated.

The time dragged on, till the moonlight rose to the zenith and began to set. Still he did not stir. Still the noise refused to visit the chamber.

At last the detective, stiff with standing in one position, threw himself upon the bed.

"This is my usual luck," he growled.

"I never went into a haunted house yet but what that ghost heard I was in it and had an appointment somewhere else."

Keeneyes was really in a bad humor.

"They say," he added aloud "that the mysterious noise has never yet failed to come. Why I don't see how I miss a night on my account!"

Keeneyes groped for his boot and, having found it, flung it viciously at the side of the window on the left. It struck the bare space which used to be occupied.

"Allen was right," muttered Keeneyes, "it does sound dull." Something fell." Then he went to sleep.

The next day, after breakfast at the restaurant, during which meal the detective found unmistakable clews of foul play with the coffee cup and somewhat slight defects in the beefsteak, he repaired to the second-hand furniture store from which he had obtained his one chair.

"Got a decent looking washstand?" he inquired. "I don't want it for much for it, as I don't intend to occupy Judge Harvey's house over a week or so."

The proprietor grinned knowingly.

"I came on to see if I would like the house, Keeneyes explained on confidentially. "Ore's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. And you don't think you'll bring your family to live here? I'm afraid," added the merchant as Keeneyes made a significant grimace—"that you—that you—"

"Just so," said Keeneyes. "I don't like mysterious midnight raps."

"Then you heard a sound about one o'clock, eh?" asked Orr.

"I did," said Keeneyes. "But I'm not going to be run out in less than a week, and if you can fix me up with a washstand and bowl and pitcher and some towels and a broken stove in one of the drawers and, in brief, everything that goes to make a washstand complete and homelike, I wish you'd send the thing out to the house at once."

"Do you know, sir," Orr remonstrated, "one of the legs of that washstand, you know. It would injure one of our neighbors who owns the place—I mean Judge Harvey. And everybody knows ghosts are fanciful."

"That noise I heard last night was no fancy," said Keeneyes obstinately. "It was extremely plain-footed. Yes, that washstand will do. And will you also sell a second-hand coffin around among your customers, sir?"

"You mean a cheap coffin?"

"Well, if it is cheap enough."

"I will show you my sole line of coffins, sir."

"Thank you," said Keeneyes following him. "I only want to rent it for a week."

The merchant stopped short. "How?"

"I just want it for a week," Keeneyes explained. "I will return it to you as good as new."

"I do not understand," said Orr. "We never rented out our coffins."

"But you will in my case making a bad precedent," Keeneyes assured him, "for it is not likely that many will want to rent them just because I am renting this one."

"I cannot rent you a coffin," said Orr, who suspected the other of trying to trifle with him.

"I will insure it against earthstain."

"I cannot think why you should want a coffin for a week, sir."

"Why, of course if I were dead I would want it longer," said Keeneyes, "but as this is for somebody else, a week is as long as I can possibly have use for it."

"I cannot rent my coffins," said Orr positively.

"This is very inconvenient," said Keeneyes, slightly irritated. "Then what is your old coffin worth?"

Orr colored slightly and answered stiffly, "If you want to buy a coffin from me, sir, I will quote you prices on all my stock."

"All right," said Keeneyes; "what I specially like in the cheaper thing looks like a coffin. Yes, that will do. I would rather have rented one, but your price is reasonable. I'll take it with me. Ore's here is the cash for it. Just send it around to Judge Harvey's house with the washstand and the washstand's appointments. No, that washstand will not do. It has no mirror. What is the price of this one?"

The merchant answered coldly.

"You should have asked more for it, but that is your business. Let us have a—what do you call those hideously-colored cloths that protect the wall—washers? Not centerpieces, I am sure. Let us have one of them, with an appropriate legend. Have you a cloth with a big hen worked in it

and the inscription, 'Don't Wet My Back,' or something in that line?"

"Perhaps I can suit you," said Orr. "May I ask where you are from, Mr. Kellers?"

"Sure. Banks' Missouri."

"Oh!" cried Orr, light breaking over his face, as if the curious behavior of the detective was now fully explained, "you are from Missouri? Yes, yes. Of course."

Henceforth Orr treated Keeneyes with forbearing joy and kindliness.

By noon Keeneyes found his purchases safely placed in the upstairs bedroom.

When the assistant had driven away, he pulled the washstand over to the spot where Jack Allen's head had rested.

"It looks perfectly at home there," murmured Keeneyes, rubbing his hands, "and being second-hand, there is no tell-tale look of newness about it. If it takes a respectable washstand to fetch that ghost, we will surely have him tonight."

Keeneyes next contemplated the coffin.

"It will never do to have this in plain view," he reflected. "I might receive a visitor. Some people are not at ease in the presence of coffins. It will be difficult to hide it in a house bare of furniture. Ah, I have it!"

Keeneyes placed the coffin behind the cot, and drew down the spread till it swept the floor, thus hiding the long object effectually. "Good work," said Keeneyes with a satisfied nod. Then he went to the restaurant for his dinner.

In the afternoon he casually sauntered around to the negro district and viewed the cabin in which old Dave lived. The detective was apparently looking about town with no definite purpose. In reality he was scrutinizing everything he met in with the minutest care.

He made a point of hunting up old Dave, who was doing odd jobs about a rich tobacco-planter's premises, and he very greatly pleased him by asking him to do a little job.

He slept through several hours of the afternoon, and he might be fresh at midnight.

Night came and Keeneyes passed the early part of it as on the previous day, except that he did not read any of Kipling or James.

As it drew near midnight he placed the lighted lamp on the washstand, as he imagined Jack Allen had left his at such times.

Then in all eagerness he waited, every nerve taut.

The moon had not yet risen, and the night was intensely dark as it so often is just before the day of a long month.

The long narrow window was like a black gap in the wall and Keeneyes gave it a glance or two, but otherwise, for the most part, however, his attention was concentrated upon the washstand.

He stared at it with his keen gaze set. Intent to detect the slightest motion.

He rested his elbow upon the edge of his cot, barefooted, clad in his pajamas, a loaded pistol in his hand.

At need, he would spring forward and fire.

Suddenly the heavy stillness of the night was shivered into echoing fragments by the sharp, clear peal from the town clock.

One o'clock.

The first instant had struck.

Scarcely had the startled night settled back again into repose when there came from the bottom of the washstand a muffled sound.

There was a slight quivering of the lamp-wick, causing the flame to tremble just a little.

Keeneyes waited.

Absolute silence succeeded.

Perhaps ten minutes of intense waiting followed.

Then Keeneyes drew aside the washstand and examined the walls and floor.

He saw—nothing.

"It was a ghost," said Keeneyes, thoughtfully nodding his head, "and it would appear that the washstand is his rancor. But that remains to be tested."

Again he examined the floor and walls, all in vain.

"If anybody should ask me what it sounded like he mentioned, I would be like Jack Allen. I wouldn't know. Something fell, or something flopped like a frog, or—or—the night strikes me. It strikes me, and like honest flint, I throw back a spark of purpose. Good!"

CHAPTER VII.

A GHOST OF FORTY YEARS.

Keeneyes slept till a late hour the next morning, as he was doing night work.

He breakfasted at the restaurant and about nine o'clock.

Then he strolled about Goldenburg.

He made his way toward the tobacco-planter's, where the old negro was at work.

He entered the shack he, gathering together sun-dried weeds and twigs broken by the recent storm from the trees, in order to make a bonfire.

A narrow alley ran down from the street along one side of this back lot.

Keeneyes went down the alley and paused near the old man.

"Good morning, uncle," he said cheerfully.

"Mawnin', boss," said old Dave grinning.

Keeneyes remarked with great admiration, "You don't let old age keep you from doing a day's work, I see!"

"No, sah; dat's right, boss. I's gwine to do all my wuk down heah an' git free wid it, so w'en I gits sick, lebben a half to dolt be to sit back an' let de angels wait on me, yas, sah!"

"A pious thought," remarked the detective. "If you'd like a job I can employ you at my place. I'd like to have the yard cleaned up."

"Whah dat? de Washington Talbot place?"

"I have rented Judge Havens' property."

"Yas, sah; dat de same place."

"I am there all alone," said Keeneyes, "and the weeds are so high—"

"I guess you hat to 'scuse me, boss."

"Oh, come now, uncle; you don't think that place is really haunted, do you?"

"I ain't keering whether it's haunted or not, boss; dat ain't no p'int wif me. It got no reputation, an' I mighty 'ticular 'bout keeping my people an' houses dat ain't lived down dair reputations."

"And you are right," said Keeneyes with unexpected promptness.

"You done pass' two nights dair, is you, boss?"

"I have," said Keeneyes rolling his eyes. "At midnight the ghost or whatever it was made a fearful sound in that bedroom. It was as dark as ink, and all of a sudden—"

"Good Lawd!" exclaimed old Dave with ecstasy.

"All of a sudden," said Keeneyes in a deep voice, and slightly rolling his gray orbs, "hear what I say, uncle—all of a sudden a horrible unearthly sound burst upon the stillness of the room."

"Come heah, sing-out," cried old Dave, looking upward, "git around me an' look aftah me; I can't wuk an' do de watchin' at de same time."

Uncle Dave looked toward the large brick mansion, and although no one was at door or window, dropped the twig which his reluctant hand had been about to cast into the rubbish heap.

"I wouldn't sleep dair for free million dollah, nuh!"

"Uncle," said Keeneyes, "forty years seems a long time ago, but of course when Washington Talbot was decoyed to start out, do you know what that meant?"

"How I know? I ain't meant."

"Listen to me, uncle: it meant that the murder of Washington Talbot is still alive after all these years."

"But, boss, you don't believe in ghostes, do you?"

"I do; I believe in this one implicitly. And then to add to that the fact that since that house tells me that Talbot's murderer is alive and lives in this town."

"I hat got to go," muttered Dave, twirking industriously.

"Now, you have here at the time Washington Talbot was killed. Have you no idea who struck that fatal blow?"

"Who? me? Me know? Nobody don't know. Nobody ain't nevah even 'spicioned nothing."

"Too bad, too bad!" murmured Keeneyes. "Colonel Marshall, you know me—you know Colonel Marshall, don't you?"

"Don't I?" cried Dave, "well I reckon! allus knows de white folks dat I used to tote our bait in de same can."

"Mighty fine gentleman," muttered Keeneyes.

"Yas, sah, dat he is. Whah you f'um, nahsah?"

"I am from Missouri."

"Well, you've got one thing down right, if you is f'm Missourr. Yis, sah, Colonel Marshall is de fine gentleman."

"He was telling me," said Keeneyes, "that Washington Talbot hadn't been married many years when he was killed."

"That's a fack. He wife, she died befo' he come back f'm de war. She m'ried huh des befo'—an' des a little time aftah she die, he got stabbed in he kaht."

"Who did he marry, uncle?"

"It was a Overstreet, sah."

"Any of her folks around here yet?"

"Huh brothah live heah."

"Old gentleman?"

"Yas, sah."

"Lives near Judge Havens' place?"

"Yas, sah."

"Lives next door, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he do."

"Do you ever work for him, uncle?"

"No, sah."

"Has he a family?"

"No, sah."

"Who keeps house for him?"

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout it."

"And his sister married Washington Talbot?"

"Yas, sah."

"Was he willing for his sister to marry Talbot?"

"How do I know, boss?"

"Well, to change the subject," said Keeneyes, "you live in a very neat cottage, uncle. In fact it is quite a nice cot. You must have a pretty good income. I don't see why you work so hard."

"Ho, ho, no, I ain't got nuffin'"

"Why, you own that house you live in, uncle."

"How do you know dat?"

"I looked up the deed. Thomas Overstreet deeded it to you forty years ago. It's on the records. By the way, a curious thing about that deed. It stated the very day after Washington Talbot was killed."

"Yas, sah," said the old man, rubbing vigorously. "I nevah notice."

"Didn't you? Then that ought to interest you this time. Yes, Immune Overstreet's brother-in-law was killed one day and the next day Immune Overstreet deeded you the place where you still live."

"I do seem kinder connected like," remarked Dave.

"Connected?" cried the detective, "why, uncle, it's more than that."

"I nevah git dis wuk done, boss, if I stan' heah talkin' to you," said the old negro hastily. "Whut you have f'om I guess you betah go back to yo ha'nts."

"What is well said!" cried Keeneyes with a cheerful smile. "Well, I will bid you good morning. Pray, accept this five dollar bill with my thanks. What you have told me has been of inestimable service to me."

"No, sah, boss, I ain't got you nuffin'," said Dave uneasily.

"I thought you did," said Keeneyes. "It's just the name of it on satchels. Isn't it?"

The old man looked uncertain and disturbed.

However, he took the five dollar bill.

Keeneyes walked away whistling thoughtfully.

There was much for him to do before midnight, and he was always most cheerful when there was a prospect of busy hours ahead.

This thrilling and remarkable story will be continued in next week's Ledger, giving the reader chapters filled with dramatic situations of the very highest interest. To every one subscribing for the Ledger we are now sending, entirely without cost, one of our splendid stereoscopes, also any six of our beautiful and valuable patterns, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen. Look at our offer carefully—it is positively premium and not if you do not wish them.

An Incurable Case.

The patient smiled serenely.

"Nothing much to tell, Doctor; I'm a very ordinary person."

"You appear to be well."

"I'm fair health."

"How's business? No conspiracies against you?"

"Dear me, no. Everything is in moderate shape. I make a living—that's about all one ought to expect."

"Get along with your family?"

"Quite nicely."

"And are you not disturbed by anything?"

"No, no; I never allow myself to worry."

The doctor went back.

"Don't see anything the matter with him, eh, sir?" he said to the head of the institution.

"Well, guess you'd better give him one more test. They say he's pretty bad."

So the doctor prepared for further enlightenment.

"By the way," he said to the patient as he went back, "you had lighted cigars. I forgot to ask if you were a married man."

The patient's eyes glistened.

"Yes, sir!"

"How long have you been married?"

"Ten years."

"What sort of a woman is your wife?"

The patient straightened up. He rose from his seat and began to pace the floor rapidly. His maner changed. He grew excited.

"What sort of a woman is my wife, sir?" he added. "Why, it would take years to tell you. I can only say that I never saw her equal. It's simply wonderful how she treats me. For years now I've been reading my morning paper at the breakfast table, and never once has she interrupted me. I come home the ends of all hours of the night and she never utters a cross word. I have never known her to exceed her allowance. We can play cards together for hours in the presence of others and never does she cast cross at me; and she has seen me make a hundred welsh rabbits and never attempted to interfere. A wonderful woman that! Couldn't begin to tell you about her. Never spanks unless she's spoken to. Never wants to go away in summer. Never buys me anything I don't wear. Does all the members of the family. Cooks to perfection. Never—"

The doctor arose hurriedly, and, excusing himself, once more joined the head of the asylum.

"Well?"

"I have at last ascertained the truth. The patient is incurable."—Life.

The Poor Storekeeper

"The talk of the Republicans about tariff revision," said John Sharp Williams, the minority leader of the House, "and their professions that the tariff will be revised suitably for some time, reminds me of a man I knew down in Mississippi who ran a general store.

"He let one of his bills get a month overdue and then received a sharp letter from the firm he owed the money to demanding payment.

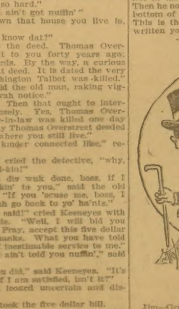
"He wrote a reply and in due time the letter was received by the creditors. The letter read:

"Gentlemen: I have your letter of recent date, calling my attention in very sharp language to the fact that I have owed you one of my bills to remain overdue thirty days. Inclosed please find my check for the full amount with interest for thirty days. Kindly close my account on your books, as I shall do no more business with you.

"The man who received the letter looked for the check. It was not there. It was not in the envelope. There was no check. Then he noticed, in very small letters at the bottom of the letter, this line: 'Genuine.'

This is the kind of a letter I would have written you if I had had any money."

The Limit



Jim—Grust is terribly absent-minded.

Jack—I should say so. I've known him to telephone to his office and ask if he was in.

Tom—Did Miss DePlayne cry for help when you kissed her?

Jack—She cried, all right, but I think it was for joy.

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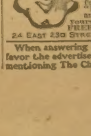

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Letting Him Down Easy.

"What has been done with the man who threw the bomb at Killemoff?" asked the Czar.

"He has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, Your Majesty," replied his secretary.

"It is my imperial will and wish that the sentence be commuted——"

"Your Majesty! Surely——"

"Not a word. It shall be commuted. See that the man is hanged immediately."

Limit.

"They were sitting out on the frosty perch and when her dad asked the young man what they were waiting for he said they were waiting for the stars to shoot."

"Great Caesar!"

"Two hours later dad shouted down and the young man said they were waiting for Dipid to shoot."

"Him! What happened after that?"

"Why, dad began to shoot."

Source of Misunderstanding.

"We should be careful what we say," remarked the wise person.

"Of course," answered Miss Cayenne, "although it isn't so much what we say that gets us into difficulty as what somebody says we said."

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Johnny—Mamma, will we all have mansions in the skies?

Mamma—Yes, dear; if we are good.

Little Johnny—Well, I hope I'll get one that hasn't any bathroom.

"Did you fall down, my dear?" asked the sympathetic old gentleman of a little girl who had just slipped and fallen on the icy pavement.

"Sir," rejoined the small miss, "do I look as if I would prove an exception to the long-established law of gravitation?"

Small Bobby's parents had moved several times during the five years of his earthly sojourn. One day while walking with his mother they passed a dwelling in the window of which was a "For Rent" sign.

"Mamma," he queried, "is that one of the houses I was born in?"

Mamma—How do you feel this morning, Tommy? Are you able to sit up?

Tommy—I feel awful bad. Don't think I could stand on my feet.

Mamma—Well, I guess you won't be able to go to school Monday. This is Saturday——

Tommy (jumping out of bed)—Saturday! Gee! I thought it was Friday!

Twisted Logic

"This coffee at 33 cents, madam, is as good as any in the market," remarked the new grocery clerk.

"And this at 29 cents?" queried the lady from Missouri.

"Oh," replied the n. g. c., "it is still better."

Bobby (to his safe, uncle)—Are you an old sea dog?
Sailor Uncle—Yes, that's what they calls me.
Bobby—Well, then, let's hear you bark.

Violet—You haven't called on me lately, Tom—No. You see, I'd broken my arm, so it did not seem much use.

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes prepaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Modern Wonder.

Hyker—My hearing is unusually keen.
Pyker—Is that so?
Hyker—Yes. For instance, at the distance I am from you now I can hear your watch ticking.
Pyker—Marvelous! My watch is six blocks away, but I have the tickets for it in my vest pocket.

Lucky Moment.

For the tenth time the poem had been returned. The poet raved and tore his hair out until he was completely bald. Great was his fury.

"But perhaps it is not so bad after all," he soliloquized, as he gazed at himself in the mirror. "Without my long hair I cannot be a poet, so I think I will get a pick and shovel and go to work."

And that night the poet had beefsteak for the first time in ten years.

Not of That Gender.

Recently a bashful young woman from a backwoods county in Virginia went into a local store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens, and at the same time put them on the counter.

"Will they lay there?" asked the clerk, who did not know that the chickens' legs were tied.

She bit her handkerchief in embarrassment a moment, and said:

"No, sir; they are roosters."

How She Worked Him.

"You are so popular," sighs the swain. "You have so many suitors."

"The idea!" smiles the fair young thing. "Why, I can count them all on the fingers of my left hand. See. The index-finger is Mr. Smugforth, the second finger is Mr. Baider, and the third finger—the third finger of my left hand—the third finger, is you."

Next day he got the ring for it.

Small Boy's View.

Small Boy (in the chemist's)—Please give me a dose of cod liver oil, and it makes no difference if you give me short measure, as it is for myself.

Ostend—If the cliff-dwellers didn't have any stoves, pa, how did they cook?

Pa—I guess they cooked on mountain ranges, my son.

Signed the Pledge.

Gunner—How in the world did Mrs. Bender reform her husband from tippling?

Guyer—By a magnifying globe full of goldfish.

Gunner—Magnifying globe?

Guyer—Yes. Bender came home one night, spied the globe and vowed he was about to be swallowed by a school of whales. The next morning he felt so ashamed he signed the pledge.

Nuggins Is Located.

Mifkins—They say Muggins, the attorney, is a corporation tool.

Bifkins—Then he must be one of those oil well augers.

Mifkins—Why do you think so?

Bifkins—Because he's the biggest kind of a bore.

Modern Improvement.

"Augustus, how many more times am I going to tell you not to smack your lips?"

"Well, auntie, you wouldn't like me to go round smacking other people's, would you?"

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Fish Will Bite like hungry wolves if you use Magic Fish Lure. Best bait ever invented. You catch a big string of fish every time you go fishing. Write to-day and get a box to help introduce it. Agents Wanted. F. P. Gregory, 3819 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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$4 A DAY PROFIT Selling Rogers' Patent Iron Holder for handling stovelids, cookutensils, etc. Experience not necessary. No capital required. One agent wanted in every locality. Write for particulars. The Stewart Iron Works Co., Dept. J, Cincinnati, Ohio.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is simple, harmless tuition that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who will write to me. Address Mrs. A. Hallatt South Bend, Indiana.

Springy.

"That's a fancy suit you have on," remarked the visitor in the dressing tent of the big circus.

"Yes," laughed the acrobat who jumps over six elephants every performance, "I call that my spring suit."

On Hers.

"This is a fine floor," he said, as they waltzed 'around, around, around.'

"How did you find that out?" she asked. "Your feet haven't been on it since this waltz started."

A Tip to Sportsmen.

"Jimson is always introducing some new wrinkle in hunting. He was out after quail the other day and took a hen with him.

"A hen?"

"Yes, he claimed she was a fine setter."

JOLLITY

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.

A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping in the digestive process, and that is absolutely essential to health and strength.

Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer. Even the children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.

It is especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.

"I am 57 years old," writes a Tenn. grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my diet I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts as a standby.

"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My little 15-months-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the last summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing fat and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—thanks to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Her Preference.

Miss Romanz—You don't appear to care much for music. Don't you even like the popular airs?

Miss Hunter—No. The only popular air with me is the millionaire.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and roundness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

What She Wanted.

Mrs. Nouvich—Have you a book on etiquette that tells how to treat one's inferiors?

Bookseller—I'm afraid not.

Mrs. Nouvich—Well, that's the kind I want. I know how superiors should be treated, but since my husband struck oil I haven't any acquaintances in that class.

It Depends.

Teacher—A child born on the 4th of March, 1907. How old will it be on the same date in 1940?

Pupil—That will depend upon whether it is a boy or a girl.

Infallible Sign.

Clara—What makes you think Helen is destined to become a spinster?

Maude—Why, every night after letting down her folding bed she looks under it.

Quite Another Proposition.

"No, suh," said the conductor of the train on the Georgia Railroad. "Ah've been running this train foh fifteen yeahs and it has nevah met with an accident."

"I'm not at all surprised," declared the passenger from the North. "But tell me, how many have overtaken it?"

Caught.

Waddle—So you had to work for your dinner? What made you offer to?

Tatters—When I went up to the door I didn't see any wood in sight, but when I got inside the kitchen the lady was washing and she made me turn the wringer for two hours.

Gunner—That horse acted queerly during the last race. He went off like a streak of lightning, ran over two people, tried to climb a tree and finally broke down altogether.

Guyer—Don't you know the secret? The jockey doped him with gasoline by mistake and he thought he was an automobile.

The Deadly Drug.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your valuable medicine."

"It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

The Folly of Wisdom.

Where ignorance is truly bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.
We never know the joys we miss
Where ignorance is truly bliss,
So when a maiden gets a kiss,
She always shuts her eyes.
Where ignorance is truly bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Chemical Hair.

"The die is cast!" roared the comedian in the burlesque show.

"How funny!" laughed the sporty old gentleman in the first row. "If you look the chorus over it seems the reverse."

"In what way?"

"Why, it looks like the cast is dyed."

What He Wanted.

The victim in the barber's chair
Thus spake in brief retort:
"Your conversation and my hair—
Alike you may cut short."

Regular Tabasco.

Sandy Pikes—Lady, if yer can't give me nothin' to eat, please give me de part of yer nosegaye dat was de gift from Congress.

Kind Lady—But, my poor man, why should you wish to read the news from Congress?

Sandy Pikes—Because, mum, it contains so much "hot air" I kin keep warm in de blizzard.

Down to Hard Facts.

Testy Old Gent—Huh? Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?

Young Suitor—Well, no, but I can support she in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you.

Old Gent (subdued)—Take her, my son, and be happy.

Well Protected.

Gunner—So the great Polar explorer came out on the platform dressed in his original furs! Did he wear them to give realism to the lecture?

Guyer—Yes, and also as a protection against the frost he received.

Of Course.

Stubb—So the doctor cured your children of the mumps? Did you pay him in installments?

Penn—No, in a lump sum.

Indignant Old Lady—Stop that at once. What do you mean by hitting that little boy in the jaw?

Little Boy (quickly)—Oh, dat's all right, lady. He is going to hit me in de other one, too, and when dey both swell up I can tell de teacher I have de mumps and stay home from school.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of The Ledger will find these advertisements of interest to them. Where will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

FREE To introduce our 8 other TOOLS to AGENTS WANTED for quick selling articles. W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., Providence, R. I. ("Little Wonders.")

$8 Paid for 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing Powder. Send for sample. A. SCOTT, LOUISVILLE, KY.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Parlor Trade. Send for Free Mirror Book. Chicago Mirror Co., 1 Mirror Bldg., Chicago.

MAN WANTED IN EACH COUNTY to sell Wire Fish Traps on Salary. Price $2.00. Address TRIMBLE & CROMWELL, Oak Hill, Ohio.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to MEN with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. Address Poultry Association, Box 1, Parnell, Mich.

$41 .00 per Week and Expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. Address Poultry Association, Box 1, Parnell, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Monte Transparent Handle Pocket Knives. Write for Catalogue. North Cutlery Co., Nerth, Pa.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. Manufacturers Co., 305 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS PORTRAITS $1.25, FRAMES 12c, sizes 7x... 20 days' credit. Samples and Catalogue Free. Consolidated Co., 267-9 S. Adams St., Chicago.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Salary or commission. Tell what territory you want. Good side line. Address MORGTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box 718, DANVILLE, VA.

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid to men to place Stock Powders. Steady employment; no peddling. Experience unnecessary. Address, with stamp, Dr. REED, Cleveland, O.

AGENTS make big money selling our new store fronts, and other specialties. Write today for free terms and full particulars. Address METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 121 E. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

PICTURE AGENTS Latest Framed Pictures cost 8c complete, sell for 25c each; 300 per cent profit; 20 days' credit; sample and catalogue free. Consolidated Co., 267-9 S. Adams St., Chicago. New this season. Picture Co., Dept. 16 Warren, Ill.

FISH BITE INSTANTLY

All seasons. If you see INSTANT FISH BAIT float half over fisherman. Full size bottle of bait and nickeled fish stringer. Write for "Fish Tales" and "Secret Fish Baits." Instant Bait Fish," both free. Address wanted. W. C. Anderson, Dept. 1205, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Energetic Men Wanted

in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tack signs on telegraph and fence posts, along roads, also distributing small advertising matter; commission or salary $2.00 per week and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment; no experience necessary. Write for particulars. Address W. M. & W. WARNER MEDICINE CO., London, Canada

LADY CANVASSERS WANTED for Mdm. McCabe'S UNBREAKABLE SIDE and EXPANDING BACK CORSETS. Well known, easily sold. Active intelligent ladies can make from $20.00 to $40.00 per week. Many of our agents make more. Exclusive territory given. Address DEPT. 1, LOUIS CORSET CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED QUICK FARMERS STAND AT STORES IN TOWN

Hammer Ratchet Screw Driver Staple Puller Nail Puller Wire Cutter Leather Punch Pinchers

Every Farmer Wants One at Sight

One of our agents says he will make $300 this year. We want a man in every county. Write for terms. Sample tool 25c. Extra special price to agents. Address The Pocke Tool Co., Fredericktown, O.

(Note—We have no connection with any other concern of similar name. Our goods and deal is as represented. This advertiser is reliable.—Ed.)

MAGIC BILL-BOOK!

An astonishing and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket-book, yet no one will suspect it. Sells on sight. AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

LOTS of MAIL

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers pay large sums of money for the purpose of sending samples, circulars, etc., to consumers, and the result is that a large percentage of the people get and see quite a number. We publish an agent's Directory List containing names and address-

es carefully arranged in alphabetical order. To send those Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging those names in reliable shape and taking them from the original lists is quite a big item, and calls for our trouble. We put your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply send us 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory issued. We are now preparing. AGENT'S DIRECTORY CO., VERMILION, Erie County, PENNA.

WALL PAPER OFFER
BOOK OF SAMPLES FREE

WRITE US and say "Send me your new 1907 Wall Paper Offer" and we will send you FREE by return mail the finest sample book of wall papers, ingrain, tapestry, floral, conventional, two tone, stripes, floral, conventional, two tone, stripes, floral, conventional, two tone, stripes

sadly. "If she and I were back in 1806 instead of 1906, we would be rich on my little pay, but as it is, I don't even dare [illegible] her to engage herself to me, [illegible] fifteen raise does bring things [illegible] nearer," and he frowned again.

Harry Graham was not especially talented. He was not a hero, nor was he handsome, although to Elsie he was all of these, because she honestly loved him, and hoped some day to be his wife, [illegible] he had not told her of [illegible] between the lines, and [illegible] only his lack of mo[illegible]

[illegible] pirations, [illegible] into the [illegible]

[illegible] e that he had [illegible] so valued by [illegible] ll of this ho[illegible]

[illegible] nted to make h[illegible] had to s[illegible]

[illegible] in a pretty pu[illegible] opened the door and [illegible] ing street suit of [illegible] scarlet, which [illegible]

"Come right in, Harry. Cold?" [illegible]

[illegible] less self-p[illegible] grand out." [illegible] out at the [illegible] the brilliant [illegible]

[illegible] fine; I'll put on my coat." He[illegible] hat was already on her head.

"Thought you might like these," Harry said, awkwardly holding out the box.

Elsie took them, and lifted the fragrant [illegible] tied with a purple cord.

[illegible] Harry, how nice!" she said softly, [illegible] ing her face in the cool petals, and if he truth be told, kissing the [illegible] the dear, [illegible]

Harry felt repaid for refusing to p[illegible] rds the night before. If he had, the [illegible] rs would have been impossible.

"Are you sure the wind won't hurt them?" Elsie asked anxiously. They were the first hothouse flowers she had ever had [illegible] ven her.

"No, it won't hurt them," and so Elsie pinned them on her coat, and went out with Harry, happy in being with him and knowing that he had thought of her.

Where they walked, neither could have told. Whether it was the flowers that went to their heads, or the knowledge of his fifteen-dollar raise that made Harry more [illegible] er, neither knew, but they seemed in a happy dream, and ate their dinner without knowing just what was set before them.

When dinner was finished, Elsie's mother, refusing her daughter's help, sent them into the parlor, and for a time they sat, [illegible] lking of indifferent things, then suddenly Harry said without any prelude:

"I got a raise, Elsie."

[illegible] she said, and her heart [illegible]

[illegible] of the house [illegible]

"They appreciate you," she said softly, and Harry, looking at her bright f[illegible] ished with all his heart that he might lay full claim to some one who would appreciate him beyond any business house, or his own merits.

"It's awfully nice," Elsie ventured, raising her eyes, and then dropping them suddenly at what the blue eyes said in spite of the effort of the owner.

"I'm awfully glad, Elsie, for now I can give you a better time," he continued, resolutely seating himself almost across the room from her, in spite of the fact that two chairs were placed invitingly close together.

Elsie looked up. She was distinctly disappointed, and her voice trembled a little as she said quietly,

"I don't want you to spend any money on me, Harry. You are twenty-three and it's time you were thinking of saving up a little."

"I suppose so, but I seem to spend all my money without getting much for it," he said regretfully.

Elsie looked alert. It was the pride of her family that without being in the least [illegible] ly, Elsie could get more out of a dollar than the rest from half that amount.

"How much do you spend for your [illegible]?" she asked.

[illegible] a month, and it's a beastly room.

"And your meals?"

"I can't seem to get along much under a dollar a day," he said remorsefully.

"That's forty-two to forty-three a month," Elsie said sternly.

"Yes, it is," he returned, feeling as though he had been caught in a crime.

"No wonder you don't save," Elsie continued. "Then there's carfare, sixty cents a week, two-forty a month."

"Better make it three dollars," the young [illegible] 'for I go out in the evening, you know."

"That makes forty-five a month at least," [illegible] es, then my insurance, club dues and other expenses run up about twenty more," [illegible] confessed, "and from a seventy-five-dollar salary there isn't much margin."

"Now you will have ninety," Elsie suggested.

"But that don't make much difference. [illegible] it all, and have nothing. I can't [illegible] for the life of me how some people [illegible]" he grumbled, for the sweet face [illegible] so ent[illegible]

[illegible] ou don't know how to [illegible] nd money," [illegible] said, pursing up her [illegible] and look[illegible]

[illegible] can I redu[illegible]

[illegible] looked at him medi[illegible] o, handsome to h[illegible] of the [illegible] at his hair [illegible] tow and [illegible] loved hi[illegible] and she [illegible] was only [illegible] tter of finance which stood between [illegible] With all her maidenly heart [illegible] ted to step an inch further, but [illegible] as he now looked [illegible] would not let him ask he[illegible] and that was just what [illegible] nted him to do.

"Harry," she began slowly [illegible] from a picture he was [illegible]

"Do you know what salary father gets?" [illegible] should I?"

[illegible] y dollars a month."

"Just that, and yet we three live very comfortably. We don't owe a cent, and all [illegible]

[illegible] do you do it?" the young [illegible] had been impressed from th[illegible] he had called upon Elsie by the [illegible] homeyness of the house [illegible] looked well dressed, as [illegible] r homemaking.

[illegible] know how, tha[illegible] said gently, her face flu[illegible]

A great wave of joy surged over him. If would get ten dollars a month more th[illegible] Elsie's father. Was it possible she was [illegible]

For an instant he looked at [illegible] sudden modesty, then he [illegible]

[illegible] ing, will you try with me? [illegible] love you so. I don't even ask you, th[illegible] if you think there is any doubt. [illegible] tle girl, I love you. Do you know [illegible] you?"

[illegible] head drooped lo[illegible]

"I have longed to tell y[illegible] At times I have tried to st[illegible] get, but I couldn't. It req[illegible] man to ask a girl to m[illegible] can't live on his salary him[illegible] comfort, but I'm doing it [illegible] give you any of the luxuries of life, [illegible] can give you a love that is strong enou[illegible] and plenty enough. I hope [illegible] happy, if you care for it. Don't keep your head down that way, Elsie, but tell me, do you have trust enough in m[illegible]

Elsie looked up, a transfig[illegible] not needing any reply. Har[illegible] and they wer[illegible]

A little wh[illegible] feeling bold as he strol[illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes? Why, Harry, you want me to do [illegible] don't you [illegible] young man's face [illegible] Such a wife as th[illegible] would make [illegible] crust sweet.

"And now, when will you marry me?" he asked, holding her off and thinking her the most beautiful girl in the world, which she really was not, except in his prejudiced eyes.

Elsie's eyes fell, and she hesitated. Now [illegible] s to come the tug of w[illegible]

"Well, dearie, what is [illegible]" Harry cried, seeing her in conf[illegible]

"Oh, Harry," she said softl[illegible]

"Go ahead, don't mind m[illegible]" he almost laughed the words, for it was the most charming thing in the world to [illegible] that she looked to him. Harry G[illegible] for encouragement and instru[illegible]

"We live happily and comfortably here on eighty dollars a month, but we have home to do it in," she said as though each word hurt her, which it d[illegible]

Slowly Harry's arms loosen[illegible] their hold and fell to his sid[illegible]

"I see," he mutte[illegible]

"Now, Harry, darling," Elsie pleaded, clinging to him, "Don't get hurt!"

"Hurt, wh[illegible] hurt when it [illegible] ney to [illegible]

[illegible] on the brake [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible]

"Of course. Now that we belong to each other, anything that annoys you hurts me, you see."

"I have no right," he began, when she gently pushed him into one of the inviting-ly close-together chairs, and dropped into the other, saying decidedly:

"Right or not, you cannot go back upon what you have said. Harry Graham, you asked me to marry you, and I intend to. All I ask for is a little time," and she laughed, showing her white teeth.

[illegible] you'll get plenty of that, if nothing [illegible]" he muttered.

A soft arm stole about his neck.

"Harry, I love you so much that I think if you had not told me that you loved me I would have been unhappy for life, but in [illegible] of my love, our love, I am practical. We are going to be married and be happy and comfortable on your salary, but we must build our nest first,' this with a delicious blush. "This is New Year's Day. Let us commence. If you will let me, I [illegible] show you how to reduce your expenses [illegible] ve quite a bit more than your [illegible] in salary, and as soon as we have enough to furnish us a little flat, we will be married."

"And how long will that be?"

"Not more than a year. [illegible] ought to [illegible] in good financial condition by that [illegible]"

"[illegible] ear; oh, El[illegible]" she asked lightly.

"[illegible] y moment is too long, but I can't believe that we can have a home of our [illegible]"

"[illegible] not only believe, I know," returned his [illegible] sweetheart, and then followed such a disc[illegible] n of ways and means he had never listened to before. She showed him leaks here and there, of which he had no knowledge and then announced [illegible]

[illegible]

prettier than any we could get in the [illegible] an old pink set which has been in [illegible] family for a long, long while, and her [illegible] sparent white china. I have been dec[illegible] from time to time, and it is [illegible] good deal now. Then mamma [illegible] med, so I have a linen chest [illegible] linen in it was hemmed when I [illegible] I learned to sew on the [illegible] table cloths we will have."

[illegible] he cried.

[illegible]

All was not settled that one night, but when he finally left her, Harry said [illegible] ely:

"I decided to make no New Year resolutions, but I have changed my mind. However, instead of spreading myself on a lot, I'm going to make but one."

"What is that?" Elsie whispered.

"To have our wedding a year from to-[illegible]"

"Good!" Elsie cried, clapping her [illegible] You witch," Harry exclaimed, [illegible] her, and then running down [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] helped by Elsie, h[illegible] results pil[illegible] and grew happier. It was not difficult to [illegible] up some of his fancied needs when it was for he[illegible] and their hom[illegible] lly he grew to think of luxuries as [illegible] just so much lost from the [illegible] nd taken from El[illegible] comfort, and [illegible] the [illegible] Graham became acquainted [illegible] and learning of the resolution [illegible] had formed, and admiring the girl [illegible] nty needlework, was able to put a good deal of it in her way. The two girls formed [illegible] deep friendship, and often Harry [illegible] were her guests, watching her [illegible] to them she [illegible] nd yet the day was [illegible] of her love [illegible] was to [illegible] e peril, but [illegible] of this they [illegible] nothing.

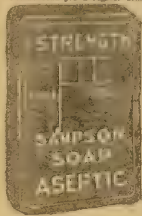
Before the [illegible] through Kath[illegible] ne's gener[illegible] y were to be married [illegible] guests left the pretty [illegible] furnished. Harry was to say as he took his bride in his a[illegible]

"My resolution for the coming year is [illegible] ing to be [illegible] make my wife the happiest woman in the world.'"

Further chapters of this interesting story of a young girl's struggles and failures and triumphs will be given the reader in next week's Ledger. It is a charming story and will richly repay perusal to the end. To all those who subscribe for the Ledger we are offering very valuable premiums. Please note on pages thirteen and fifteen that we give any six spring patterns that you may select from our list of patterns, free with each subscription, also with a single subscription one of our splendid and valuable stereoscopes without cost.

MAKES WEAK MEN STRONG

Let us send you a regular dollar size cake of Sampson Soap. It Strengthens, Nourishes, Vitalizes FREE



Send us 10 cents to cover postage. We will send you a dollar cake and our book free by return mail.

[illegible] always acts at [illegible] natural [illegible] gives it quickly. [illegible] illustrated scientific book entitled

"Why Men Grow Old Before Their Time, or The Life More Abundant"

on receipt of [illegible] 10 cents [illegible]

Burleigh Corporation 77 Norton Building, BOSTON, MASS.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit cured. Free trial treatment. We specially desire cases where other remedies failed. Confidential. HARRIS INSTITUTE, Room 525 400 W. 23d St., NEW YORK.

ACTING Taught by Correspondence. Positions secured when qualified. Booklet on Dramatic Art FREE. Chicago School of Elocution 725 Chicago Opera House Bl. Chicago.

DRAWING [illegible] FINE ARTS SCHOOL OF DRAWING, Studio 815, Omaha Building Chicago

Bunions Instantly relieved and lasting comfort guaranteed without [illegible] drugs, medicine [illegible] knife. Swelling removed, all irritation and friction stopped and the foot gives its natural shape. Maintains the original lines of the shoe and prevents a deformed appearance. More than 100,000 sufferers have been benefitted.

Trial Offer We will send this pure Bunion relief to you for 10 days trial. [illegible] Send size of shoe and whether right or left. Address FISCHER MFG. CO., 622 Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis.

WETO GRAPH The Great Secret Writing System FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

[illegible] for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

Watch Your Thirty Feet of Bowels!

YOU have thirty feet of Intestines! What makes food travel through them?

A set of Muscles that line the walls of these Intestines or Bowels.

When a piece of Food rubs the walls of the Intestines these Muscles tighten behind it, and thus it starts a Muscle-wave which drives it through the whole length of the Bowels.

It should take about 12 hours to do this properly, so that nutritious parts of the food may have time to be digested and absorbed.

* * *

But,—If it takes twice or three times that period the food spoils in passing, and [illegible] as if it had decayed [illegible]

Now, the cause of delay (Constipation) is simply Weakness, or Laziness of the Bowel Muscles.

Want of Exercise, Indoor Employment, weakens these Bowel-Muscles, just as it weakens Arm and Leg Muscles.

* * *

"Physic" like Salts, Calomel, Jalap, Phosphate of Soda, Mineral Waters, simply [illegible] out the Bowels for the one occasion only.

They do not remove the Cause of Constipation.

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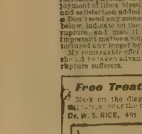

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and looked back down the trail in the direction taken by the fleeing horse.

The animal was nowhere in sight.

"He's gone," muttered the man sagrilly. "An' that means that I'll hev ter hoof it ter Fair Play arter all. Wal, I kin beat the kid thar, enyhow, fur he'll lay thar unconsious fur quite er while, thet's sart'in. I guess I may's wall be goin'."

He set out up the trail, and at a bend a quarter of a mile distant he paused and half turned and looked back. Roy still lay where he had fallen on being struck by the butt of the revolver.

"Well hay thar long enuff so's I kin git shart enuff ter git me inter Fair Play erhead uv 'im," muttered Dolan. "So I guess ever'thin' is all right, arter all—though I'd rather a-rode ter Fair Play than ter hev ter walk thar."

Dolan had been gone about twenty minutes when Roy stirred and opened his eyes.

The youth looked around him wonderingly. At first he could not think where he was or what had happened. Then a sudden pain snot through his head, and it all came back to him—the meeting with Dolan, the struggle, the flight of the horse, the blow on the head with the butt of the revolver.

"And where is Dolan now, I wonder?" thought Roy.

He rose to a sitting posture and looked up and then down the trail. No Dolan was to be seen.

"I guess he has gone on," thought the youth. "I wonder if he caught the horse?"

A moment's reflection caused Roy to come to the conclusion that the would-be claim-jumper had not caught the horse.

"If he has gone on afoot," was the youth's decision, "and now it is up to me to do the same—and to get to Fair Play ahead of him! It must do it—and I will do it, or know the reason why!"

He rose to his feet, got his hat and put it on his aching head, and then set out

Leaping from rock to rock.

up the trail. He had gone a mile before the thought occurred to him that he had no provisions.

"And with a walk of a day and a half ahead of me!" was his thought. "Jove, what shall I do?"

Then the idea occurred to him that there might be an occasional cabin home of a miner or settler or hunter, along the trail, and in that case he need not fear starvation.

"I don't believe that Dolan has any provisions, either," he thought. "And if he can risk it I can."

On he strode, up and still up, and at last he reached the point where the trail crossed the top of the Park Range. There was a natural cut, or narrow gulch, through the top of the mountain, and when he came to the farther end of this gulch and looked down toward the north and west he was impressed by the wonderful beauty and grandeur of the scenery, even though his head was aching and he was worried about whether or not he would be able to get to Fair Play ahead of Dolan.

"I'll get there ahead of him!" the youth declared to himself grimly. "He shan't beat me!"

Roy felt that he was racing for a million-dollar stake, and he was determined to win.

On he went, down and ever down, now, and he was thus enabled to make better speed.

Suddenly, however, at a turn in the trail he was given a terrible start.

As he rounded an out-jutting boulder he came face to face with a giant grizzly bear.

At sight of Roy, who was more than fifteen feet distant, the bear reared up on its hind legs and gave utterance to a ferocious growl of anger.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROY ENCOUNTERS AN OLD FRIEND.

Old hunters aver that they would rather meet a tiger or a lion in its native jungle than to meet up with a grizzly bear that is being tortured by the pangs of hunger, for a grizzly bear is stronger than an ox, is absolutely fearless and can run faster than a horse—at least on reasonably level ground.

And this bear looked as if he were hungry. That he was ferocious Roy did not doubt; his appearance and his threatening growl proved this.

Roy stood there, staring at brute, frozen to the spot, temporarily, by a strange feeling of terror.

It had all happened so suddenly that the youth was for the time being paralyzed.

The bear, on its part, stood there on its hind legs, glaring at Roy, open-mouthed.

The gleaming teeth thus exposed to view were anything other than reassuring to Roy.

Suddenly he felt the command of his muscles come back to him, like a flash. He knew that his muscles would now obey his will.

He glanced quickly around him. At either side was a steep embankment, for he was in a sort of natural cut, or gulch.

Could he climb the steep embankment? Roy feared that he could not do so.

Would it avail him to turn and run back up the trail?

Roy feared this would do no good, for he had heard and read that the grizzly bear can easily outrun a human being.

He remembered, however, that, back up the trail perhaps seventy-five yards distant, around the bend, was a sloping descent, on the lefthand side. If he could reach this spot, he could run down the descent and make his escape, he felt certain, for the bear could not make rapid progress on such uneven ground without being in danger of falling and rolling over and over, to the bottom.

This was the only thing that Roy could do, and he acted at once.

Whirling, he dashed back up the trail at the top of his speed, and with a snort of rage the bear took after him.

Roy heard the rattling of the gravel under the huge paws of the bear, and knew the brute was not far behind him; but he did not dare look back, for fear he might lose his footing and fall, when he would undoubtedly fall a victim to the animal.

As he dashed around the bend he went, and on up the trail, till he reached the spot where he could leave the trail, and here he went rolling over and over down the descent.

The bear had been right at his heels, and it was only his utter recklessness, doubtless, that had saved him.

Brutin stopped, and then started down the descent after Roy, but with a rolling motion and over some fifteen yards below.

Suddenly Roy brought up against a rock, and for the moment was dazed. But he could not lie there and let the bear get him, so he scrambled up and started on down the slope.

The bear was coming with more speed than one might have thought possible for such a huge, unwieldly brute, and the youth realized that he would have to keep on going as fast as possible, if he were to succeed in making his escape.

He continued onward, and the bear kept coming. Evidently the brute was hungry.

Down and still down Roy went, until at last he reached the bottom of the descent.

He found himself in a deep gulch a quarter of a mile in width, and with a beautiful mountain stream flowing through it, with scrubby oak and pine trees growing along its bank.

Roy glanced back and saw that the bear was still coming, and only seven or five yards distant, up the slope.

It would not do to delay. If he were to escape he must hasten onward, and even then he was not sure of making his escape.

He leaped in among the trees and hastened along the bank of the little stream.

He heard a crashing sound presently and knew that Brutin was still in pursuit of him.

"He is a persistent brute!" was Roy's thought. "I don't know how this race is going to end. I'm getting tired, and the beast may overtake me after awhile. And then—" He would not think of what would happen then.

Roy continued to run onward, however, and louder and louder sounded the crashing amid the bushes.

Brutin was coming nearer and nearer!

"He certainly is gaining!" thought Roy. "There! I don't like that at all!"

But he did not falter; he kept on with unabated speed. He could not run as fast as he had been running, but he made very good headway.

The crashing sound drew nearer still, and Roy glanced back and saw that the bear was within yards of him. It was now coming on at its best speed, and the open mouth and gleaming teeth made the brute look fierce indeed.

Suddenly Roy noticed a point where a number of rocks were scattered through the bed of the stream, making it possible for him to get across, and he seized upon the opportunity and was quickly leaping from rock to rock.

He was soon across, and paused and looked back. Brutin was standing on the other bank, glaring across at the youth.

"I guess I am safe now!" panted Roy. "He doesn't seem to want to try to venture across!"

"Right ye air, son," said a voice behind Roy; "the bear hez got all he kin fest wet. Ye air safe enuff over hear."

Roy whirled—to see the veteran prospector, Hank Rogers, near, a rifle held easily on his seamed and wrinkled face.

"Mr. Rogers!" cried Roy joyously.

"Hank, of ye please, son," with a grin. "No 'Mister' in mine, jest remember thet."

"How comes it that you are here?" asked Roy, for want of something else to say. He was still somewhat rattled by his race with the bear.

"Oh, I'm jierble ter pop up a'most enywhurs, son," with a grin. "Ef ye knowed me better ye'd know better'n ter be s'prised by seein' me enywhurs."

"That's so; you're a prospector," said Roy.

"Yas; an' now how comes et thet ye air heer, my boy? Et seems ter me thet I'm ther one ter be s'prised."

"I am on my way to Fair Play, Mr.—Hank."

"Thet's better; don't furgit thet I'm Hank. So ye're on yer way ter Fair Play, eh?"

"Yes, sir, and I met the bear on the trail, and had to turn back and run for my life."

"An' ye wuz lucky ter git erway erlive, too, son, I'm thinkin'. But w'y air ye goin' ter Fair Play?"

"I am going there to register some claims, Hank. I struck it rich!" eagerly.

"Eh? Is thet so? Gold, Roy?"

"No, mica."

"Whut!—mica, ye say?"

"Yes, sir—acres of it!—a whole mountain of it!"

"Ye don' tell me!"

"Yes; I didn't know what it was that I had struck, so I took some of the stuff home and showed it to Mr. Gates and he said it was mica, and that I had made a million-dollar strike."

"Phew! I guess he is right erbout thet, of thar's as much uv et as ye say."

"Well, there is! I staked off fifteen claims, covering about one hundred acres, and it is one great field of mica."

"Jumpin grindstones! Roy, ye've made better'n er million-dollar strike! Thet mus' be worth sev'ral millions!"

"So Mr. Gates said, but I'm satisfied if it is worth a million, for I came out here to Colorado to make a million."

"Wal, ye've done et, without doubt. An' so ye're on yer way ter Fair Play ter register, eh?"

"Yes, and I'm in an awful hurry to get there, too. Some one or a couple of scoundrels pulled up my stakes and replaced them with their own and wrote their names on the stakes, and one of them is on his way to Fair Play to register, and if he beats me there, then I may lose my fortune, after all."

"Shu! ye don' say!"

"Yes!"

"Wal, ye'd be too bad, my boy!"

"Yes, and I'm not going to lose my claims, if I can help it. But I'm afraid that he has got a horse and that he will be able to get to Fair Play before I can do so."

"Mebbe not. I doubt et. Ef ther' wuz heer mountains like er book, Roy, an' I'if pilot ye ter Fair Play by er short route thet I'm acquainted with, mebbe dat' know nothin' erbout."

"Oh, will you?" cried Roy.

"Shore, my boy!"

"Oh, thank you, Mr.—Hank! Thank you! With your help, I may be able to hold my claims, after all!"

"Wy'll hef ter fur ye, son, ef we hev ter hol' 'em with Winchester rifles, ye bet yer life on thet! We'll make ther strike, an' ye're goin' ter hev ther benefits, ye bet!"

Then he turned on his heel and went on: "But we've lost time, I reckon, Roy. We've gotter beat thet skoun'rel ter Fair Play."

They strode away, down the gulch, leaving the bear glaring impotently after them, and giving vent to hoarse growls of rage and disappointment.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE OLD CABIN.

As they hurried onward, Roy explained to Hank Rogers in detail, and the old prospector was loud in his expressions of anger toward the two scoundrels who had jumped Roy's claims.

"But don' ye worry, son," he said reassuringly, "Gates an' Morgan will 'erd ter changin' them stakes, an' we'll beat Dolan ter Fair Play, an' all will come out right."

"I hope so, Hank. And if it does, I'm going to see to it that you don't lose anything by helping me."

"Oh, pshaw, Roy, don' ye let thet worry ye. I'm an ol' man, an' hev erbout worked my claim down ter bedrock, an' of thar is

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cuntythin' thet I kin do ter he'p ye I'm glad ter do et without thought uv pay."

"I know, but I need somebody that knows all the ins and outs of the mining business to help me with advice and with actual assistance, and if you will go in with me, Mr.—I mean Hank, I'll give you a share in the strike. What do you say?"

The old prospector's face lighted up, and it was plain that he was delighted. But he shook his head.

"My services hain't worth thet much, Roy," he said, "an' ef ye'll take ye, ez ye call et, an'l he'p ye till ye git yer claims perfected an' ye git a start, I'll call it O. K., an' ye kin pay me fair day's wages; but et wouldn't be right fur me ter accept uv er share in ther strike."

"Yes, it would, Hank. And I am going to give you a share in my strike in return for your advice and assistance. We will make it a small share, if you like, say a one-twentieth interest, but that will make you rich, Hank."

"Wall, Roy, ef ye really wanter do thet, all right; I'll accept uv er one-twentieth int'rust, an' I'll do my bes' ter allrn et, ye bet!"

"I know you will, Hank; and I am sure that I could not possibly make a better deal than the one I have just made with you."

"Wal, ez I said, Roy, ef I don't make et er good deal fur ye, then et'll be becos I kain't."

"I am sure of that, Hank."

They hastened onward, down the gulch, following the course of the stream, as that was the best, the ground being more level there than elsewhere.

At last they emerged from the gulch and began picking their way across the broken country. Then it was that Hank spoke:

"I'm tramped over ev'ry foot of groun' in these parts many a time, an' I could almos' take ye ter Fair Play with my eyes blindfolded."

"We can't get there today, can we?"

"Wal, ye kin make et by twilight, of we keep off goin', on'y stoppin' an hour fur supper."

"I don't think that will be necessary, hardly. Dolan will not travel in the night, I am confident."

"Mebby not, but ye kain't be shore uv et."

"True."

"If thinik we had better keep on goin' till we git ter Fair Play."

"I'll leave it to you, Hank."

"All right."

On they went, stopping at noon for a bite and a drink out of a mountain stream. The old prospector had some food with him in his knapsack.

After a rest of half an hour, they set out again and continued onward till sundown, when they paused at a deserted cabin standing in a little valley near the bank of a stream.

"I've spent weeks heer in this cabin," said the old prospector. "Et seems almos' like home ter me."

"Then you know exactly where we are," said Roy.

"I shore do, son."

"How far are we from Fair Play?"

"Twelve miles."

"We ought to walk there before midnight."

"Yes, ef ther moon shines out."

"That's so. I forgot the way is rough and dangerous, if it were dark."

"Yas; a feller mought take er tumble over er precerpuns, an' thet'd put an end ter ther hull bizness."

"So if it is dark we will stay here till morning?"

"We hed better, I s'pose. But we kin tell in er leetle while. Ef et's goin' ter be cloudy we'll know et inside uv an hour."

They ate their supper, Hank was a rather frugal one, and then sat and talked for half an hour, their conversation being regarding the wonderful strike that Roy had made.

Then they went outside and took a look around. The moon was just coming up, but the sky was becoming overcast with clouds, and it bade fair to be a dark night.

The old prospector gazed about him for a few minutes and then said gloomily:

"It's goin' ter be er bad night, Roy."

"I'm afraid so, Mr.—Hank."

"Yas, et's goin' ter storm."

"Do you think it will be a bad storm?"

"Kain't tell, fer in ther mountains. Et may be, an' then ag'in et mayn't. But et'll be so dark thet et'll be dangerous ter try ter git ter Fair Play ternight."

"Then we will stay here tonight?"

"I guess we hed better stay."

"Well, one thing is certain, if we can't travel Dolan won't be able to do so."

"No, I guess not."

They went back into the cabin and built up a little fire in the rude fireplace—just enough to give light so they could see each other.

Hank filled his pipe and lighted it, and smoked away, and Roy knew that he was the value of the strike, while outside the flashing lightning came more and more frequently and the roll of thunder was heard. And presently the rain began to patter on the clapboard roof.

"I guess you was wise in stayin' heer, Roy," the old prospector said in a tone of satisfaction.

"I think so, Hank."

They sat there and smokin' an' talkin' under the shelter uv er roof beats pioldin' erlong in ther dark, with prercurpusses an' mebby rattlesnakes an' sich ter nip big rocks bein' loosened an' comin' down outer yer head from erbove."

"Yes, indeed!"

"We'll git an airly start in ther mornin', an'—ah! shuddy! what's that?"

Sure enough, at that moment there came a knock on the door.

Hank placed his hand on the butt of a revolver in his belt, and facing toward the door, called out:

"Come in!"

The door opened and a man entered and stood revealed in the light from the fire in the fireplace.

"Dolan!" cried from Roy's lips.

"Shore ye er, Roy?" queried Rogers.

"Yes, I am Roy."

Out came Hank's revolver and it was leveled at the newcomer, his trembling.

"Up with yer hans, Dolan!" ejaculated the old prospector cried sharply.

CHAPTER XV.
IN FAIR PLAY.

Dolan had stood there, blinking at the fire, doubtless the lowlight shone in his eyes and made it impossible for him to see clearly at first.

But he saw the leveled revolver and heard the stern command from Hank Rogers, and up in the air went his hands.

"That's right," nodded the old prospector. "When ye're tol' ter do er thing, do et, an' don't git skeered."

"So we meet again, Dolan," said Roy; "and this time the advantage is on my side instead of on yours."

"It's ther kid!" exclaimed Dolan.

"Yes, it is the boy you are trying to rob," said Roy sternly.

"But who ye hain't goin' ter rob, not ef I knows myself, an' I think I do!" declared Hank grimly. "Now jest put ye hans down, Dolan, an' I'll take a leetle yarn yer back toward us."

Dolan obeyed without a word.

"Now, Roy, take this cord an' tie his wrists together," said Hank to the boy, a piece of cord that he had taken from his pocket.

Roy did as told.

Then Hank returned the revolver to his belt and said:

"Thar, now we kin set down an' be soshcrble ers'in."

They took seats, and Dolan looked gluntly at first one and then the other of his captors, and then glazed into the fire.

"I guess we'll beat ther time ter Fair Play, Roy, arter all," said Hank presently, with a grim smile.

"Yes, so we will," was the reply.

Dolan did not say anything. He was silent and sullen.

"Red cnuythin' ter eat this evenin'?" queried Hank.

The prisoner nodded, but made no audible reply.

"Wall, all right; thort that et'ye hedn' hed cnuythin' ter eat we'd spar' ye er bite."

No reply.

Hank grunted and then addressed his conversation to Roy after that.

When he had smoked a couple more pipefuls of tobacco he declared that it was time to "turn in for the night."

He fastened the door so that Dolan could not open it without the use of his hands, and then lay down in a bunk at one side of the room, telling Roy to take the other, there being two.

"Dolan kin sleep on ther floor," he added with a grin.

"Don' ye worry erbout me!" growled Dolan.

"We hain't worryin' er bit," chuckled Hank.

Roy and Hank were tired, and presently they dropped off to sleep. Dolan was still sitting there, looking into the fire.

When they awoke the fire was out and it was dark in the cabin.

Hello! Air ye erwake, Roy?" called out Hank.

"Yes, I just woke up, Hank."

"Wonder what time et is?"

"I don't know."

"Whar air ye, Dolan?" then called out Hank.

There was no reply.

"Dolan, I say, Dolan!"

Still no reply.

"Surely, he hasn't succeeded in escaping!" cried Roy.

"No, he's jest keepin' still becos he's sulky. He couldn't hev got erway with his hans tied."

Roy wasn't so sure about this, but he did not say so. Both got up now, as they felt that it must be nearly daylight.

Dolan wasn't lying on the floor, anywhere about they could see in the dim—it was so dark they couldn't see—and Roy drew a match and struck it.

By the flickering light they gazed about the room. Dolan was not there!

"He has escaped!" groaned Roy.

"Wal, I'll be—jiggered!" from Hank.

Roy threw some dry leaves and twigs into the fireplace and set fire to them, and then placed some bigger limbs on, so that there was soon a blazing fire, which threw out plenty of light.

Meanwhile, Hank had been looking around, and he suddenly exclaimed:

"Here's ther cord that ye tied his wrists with, Roy, an' et's been burnt in two!"

He held up the cord as he spoke, showing the two charred ends.

"So that's how he managed it!" exclaimed Roy.

"Yas, an' now ther question is, how long hez he ben gone?"

Roy pondered. He knew what this signified. If Dolan had been gone very long he would have secured a horse and be on the race to Fair Play as would perhaps enable him to get there ahead of them, and register the claims.

"Likely he's be'n gone quite er spell," said Hank. "Thet cord's burnt purty well in two; an' ther fire was out when we woke up, an' ther ashes was cold. He's be'n gone er considerable time, I'm afraid, Roy."

"That he will beat us to Fair Play!" finished Roy.

"Yas, 'pless——"

"Unless he should get lost!"

"Yes, et's ez likely ez ever ye prercurpus."

"I'm afraid neither of those things will happen to him. He seems to be lucky, Hank."

"Yas, so he does. I never thort we each er' thing ez bet he'd git his hank's fern."

"Neither did I."

"Wal, he hez got ther start, an' hez got er big start on us, but we mus' hike out an' beat 'im ter Fair Play, of seek or thing is lost, ercordin' ter me."

"I'm ready to start at any moment."

"I'll be off in er minit, then."

Hank opened the door and looked out. It was dark as Egypt.

"Say, Roy, I've got er skeem," said Hank.

"What, Hank?" eagerly.

"Et's mighty dark, ye see, an' my idee is ter wait till we kin see, an' then foller Dolan's trail. Et's easier ter trail, ye know, we kin track 'im without enny trubble ertall."

"And by doing that we will know whether or not he has wandered off the trail?"

"Yas; an' he hez, ef in luck, ter ther wrong direckshun, why we'll go in ther right direckshun an' beat 'im, my boy."

"I guess that is as good a plan as any."

"Yas, in ther dark we mought take er tumble thet would put us out uv ther game altogether."

Hank closed the door and they sat down in front of the fire to wait for dawn to break.

"Now we'll be in better trim fur ther twelve-mile walk ter Fair Play," said Hank.

"I feel better since eating," said Roy.

Half an hour later it was light enough so that they could see to pick up Dolan's tracks, and they set out.

On they went, mile after mile, and at last, when they had gone about seven miles, the tracks led off in the wrong direction.

"He's be'n foolin'," said Hank joyously. "Now, Roy, I guess we air all right. The chances air thet he'll wander erroun' a whole lot afore he gits ertuk'nted out an' on ther right trail fur Fair Play ag'in."

Hank now set out on the back walk, and Roy kept close at his heels.

On they went, mile after mile, and at last they rounded a bend in the trail and came in sight of a town.

"That's Fair Play!" said Hank, pointing. "We'll be at ther register's office in twenty minutes."

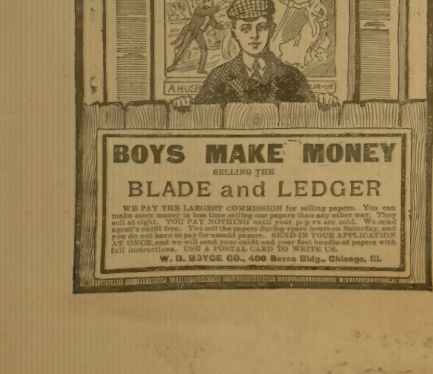
On they hastened, and were soon in the edge of the town. Along the street they walked at a swift pace, and presently Hank pointed to a building and said:

"Thet's ther register's office, an' we've heer ahead uv Dolan, arter—hello! who's thet goin' up ther steps?"

A man was ascending the steps leading to the door of the register's office, and Roy recognized him on the instant.

"It's Dolan!" he cried. "He has beaten us here, after all!"

The continuation of this splendid story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year. It is worth four times the amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months. With every subscription we send entirely free of cost one of our splendid stereoscopes or any six of our Standard patterns. See pages thirteen and fifteen.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Lucky Senator.

A Senator hurried into the United States Senate chamber one morning early, and held to a page:

"Young man, did you find a $10 bill on my desk last evening? I wrote a letter, intending to inclose the bill, but somehow I failed to do so, and left it behind on the blotter."

"Yes, Senator," said the page, taking out his wallet, "I did find that bill, and here it is. And it's a lucky thing for you, sir, that none of the other Senators happened in before I saw it."

He Hid the Hammer.

"If you want to have it impressed on your mind that your acquaintances are all wits," said a Denver Doctor, "just walk up the street with a hammer in your hand. Thursday my wife wanted to crack some nuts and asked me to borrow a hammer for her. I decided that we needed one but entered for me to buy one, so at noon I stepped into a hardware store and made the purchase. I was in a hurry and did not have it wrapped up. I started homeward with that hammer in my hand. I had gone only about a block when a lawyer friend of mine caught sight of me. He was across the street, but that made no difference.

"Hey, Jim!" he called, 'what's up? Going to do a little knocking?'

"I smiled and went my way in silence. Pretty soon another friend saw me. He crossed the street and stopped me. 'Jim,' he said, 'you ought to get some nails and take a drive.'

"Again I smiled and passed on. Not long after that a married woman who lives near me met me. 'Why, how do you do?' she smiled. 'I suppose your name is Hammerstein, now.'

"That was pretty fierce, but she was a lady, so I let it go. Two blocks further on I met our grocery boy. 'Going to be popular soon, I see, Mr. Blank,' he said pleasantly. 'How's that?' I replied. 'Well, you're going to make a hit with the nails, I presume,' he said.

"That was plenty. I hid the blamed hammer under my coat and took a street car.

Time for Inspection.

One of the officials of a town not many miles from Philadelphia has been the host of much good-natured raillery for some days past as the result of a bull made by him at a recent official meeting.

Complaint had been made that the hose in use by the fire department of the town had been very unsatisfactory and that at the last two fires in which the company had turned out sections of the hose were found in a leaky condition. After considerable discussion as to the proper actions to be taken the official in question surprised his colleagues when he arose and said: "I move, Mr. Chairman, that until further notice the chief of the fire department be instructed to have an inspection of all fire hose made two days before every fire."

Veil Comedy.

She was standing by the mirror. He was buried in the sporting page.

"George!"

"Well! Well! What is it now?"

"How do you like my new veil?"

"Oh, it is very pretty. Anything else?"

"But how do you know it is pretty? Men don't know anything about veils."

"You are very polite toward our sex. I would have you understand that I have a taste for veils."

"You have a taste for veils?"

"Yes. I have tasted a dozen veils. That is—er—I mean I have—no, yes, I—what in (deprecation do I mean? I—"

"Stop! Not another falsehood, George Brown! You have been kissing some girl through her veil. You know the taste of veils, eh? You deceiver. I—"

But poor George had fled.

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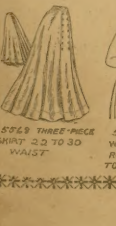
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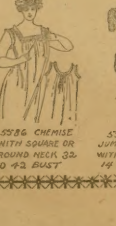
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

THEIR BIRTHDAYS.

I've a secret to tell you, Dolly;
Let me whisper it in your ear.
Tomorrow will be our birthday—
Your birthday and mine, my dear!
As soon as the sun peeps over
The hill where the Blackberries grow,
I'll be eight years old, my Dolly,
And you'll be one, you know.

Don't you remember, Dolly—
I'm perfectly sure that you do—
When I woke last birthday morning,
The first thing I saw was you?
You sat on the edge of the workbox,
Waiting, you lovely child;
And when you saw I was looking,
You stretched out your arms and smiled.

And you're just as lovely as ever,
Though your curls are very thin,
And you poor legs wobble sadly,
And your left eye is falling in,
And if tomorrow morning
Another doll comes here,
We'll be kind to her, but she shall not
Supplant you, Dolly, dear.

At the Park.

"Leslie, if you would like, you may take Maud and the baby to the park this morning," said mamma, one bright summer morning.

Mamma knew that Leslie was such a dearly little girl, and the park was only three blocks away.

Then, put Baby Ronald into the cart, and Leslie and Maud drew him over to the park. What a fine time they had riding the baby up and down on the hard walks, and then digging in the sand!

While baby was laughing and crowing and making sand-hills under Leslie's directions, Maud grew uneasy and wandered off in search of flowers. Leslie, busy with the baby, did not miss her for some little time. Then she looked hurriedly about for a minute.

"Baby, will you stay right here and play with the sand and cart while I go find sister?"

"Yes, I stay; play sand," said the baby, soberly.

So Leslie ran off to find Maud, but it was a long search she had for her. Maud had gone up one path a little way, then across the grass to another path that she had crossed the park.

Meanwhile baby Ronald was attracting a good deal of attention. A baby shoveling sand all by himself was an unusual sight.

One and then another tried to coax him to go to them.

"Baby, please let sister shovel sand till she come back." This was all he would say to them.

After a time he tired of shoveling sand, and then he lay down beside the cart and went to sleep.

And there, fast asleep, Leslie found him when she came back with Maud.

A pleasant-faced old gentleman was sitting on a bench not far away.

"So you are the sister he was waiting for?" he said, kindly.

"Yes, Maud ran away and I had to go and hunt her up, and I didn't know what else to do with the baby. So I had him promise he would stay right by his cart. Thank you very much for keeping of him. We must go now, or mamma will worry."

"Maud never do so any more," the little girl promised, when Leslie told mamma how she had gone off by herself and what a hunt she had had for her.

"Baby staid, shovled sand," said the baby, gleefully.

"Yes, baby was good," said mamma, giving him a hug and a kiss.

Tommy's Bath.

"I don't want to take a bath," cried Tommy.

"Tommy, come at once and take your bath," said mamma.

Tommy threw down his books and walked slowly into the bathroom, crying softly as he went.

"Shall I have to tell papa that you have been a naughty boy today?" asked mamma.

"I'll be a good boy, mamma. I won't cry any more," said Tommy, somewhat ashamed of himself.

Tommy soon forgot his troubles paddling about in the nice warm water. He had a fine time.

When bedtime came papa said, "Tommy, have you been a good boy today?"

Tommy hung his head. "I—I did not want to take a bath," was the reply.

"Why, Tommy," said papa, "I hope my boy is not going to be a cry baby. Let me tell you what I saw today. When I went through the park there were over so many birds taking a bath in the icy water of the lake. They did not have a nice warm room to bathe in. They dived right down into the cold water and then flew to a tree to run themselves dry. Some day, if you are a good boy, I will take you too see the birds when they take their morning bath."

After mamma had tucked him in bed Tommy lay awake for a while watching the moonlight stream in through the window. He thought of the little birds.

Friend—Say, pa, is it true that owls are fond of mice?
Pa—Yes, my son.
Friend—Lady owls, too, pa?

"Ugh, I would not like to get into that cold water!" he said to himself.

To his surprise he found himself out in the park. The sun shone brightly on the snow. There were many little birds, some bathing in the lake, others perched up in the trees.

As soon as they saw Tommy the birds set up a great chattering. "Here is the boy who does not like to take a bath. He's a funny boy, he seemed to say.

"Let's take him and duck him in the pond," cried one, and all joined in, "Duck him in the pond; duck him in the pond."

Tommy tried to run, but his feet seemed glued to the ground. He screamed, "Mamma, mamma."

What do you think happened? Why, he found himself in his own little bed with mamma bending over him asking, "What is the matter, Tommy?" And it was just a dream.

Bobbie's Essays.

My teecher is a lady, she is tall & thin because she is single, and if she was married & i think her & her husband are vary happy beckaus she has a good steddy job.

Teechers doant git vary big pay but they earn sum munoy. Sumtimes they cant pay Bridge Whst in the afternoons, they have to be in skool. Sowing is about Uruguay & Paraguay & the principel products of Brazil.

My teecher is prtty sharp. she keeps sum of us after skool & calls us her Littel Helpers, we sharpen the pencils & clees off all the blackboards & wile we are working she tells us Satan finds sum mischef eff for idel Hands to do. I guess her husband has his two (2) hands full of mischief.

Every Friday we have speeking & the teecher sets on the platform wile we are saying our pesces. I spoke a peece last week that started His hands are folded across his brest, & the teecher sez" That must be my husband, the only time his hands are not folded across his brest is when I have my pay day.

A Grain of Musk.

It is said that a grain of musk will diffuse a perceptible odor through a room for more than twenty years. It does this by filling the air with particles of its substance; but so inconceivably minute are these particles that if the musk be weighed at the end of the twenty years, no loss of weight can be detected. That seems incredible, doesn't it? And yet nature gives us many equally striking examples of what scientists call the divisibility of matter. A grain of copper dissolved in nitric acid will give a blue color to three pints of water. That means that each separate particle of water must contain a part of the grain of copper, which is thus, it has been estimated, divided into about one hundred million parts. The spider's web is so attenuated that enough of it to go around the earth would weigh only about eight ounces, and yet this slender thread is composed of about a thousand separate filaments.

The Weight of moke.

It is related that Sir Walter Raleigh won a wager from Queen Elizabeth by reason of his knowledge of the indestructibility of matter. Having weighed out a sufficient quantity of tobacco to fill his pipe, he came into the Queen's presence, and offered to bet her that he could tell her the weight of the smoke that came from it. Elizabeth accepted the bet, and Sir Walter quietly finished his pipe. (As he had just introduced tobacco in England, it was not considered "bad form" for him to smoke before the Queen.) Having finished his smoking, he took the ashes, gathered to one pile and weighed them; and, subtracting the amount from the weight of the tobacco originally put into the pipe, he told her the exact weight of the smoke.

Girl Leads Bird Choir.

At the Chapel of St. Peter in Florence there is a choir of birds, the only one of its kind in existence. The birds—300 in number—are all in separate cages which are arranged in rows on both sides of the altar. The leader is a girl who has had the birds under her own personal training for over two years. The whole of the musical part of the service is most exquisitely rendered by them. The leader starts each hymn by whistling the first few notes, and then the birds take it up, in obedience to the movement of the instructor's hand.

A Lively Ride.

At Manchester, England, a newsboy 12 years old, climbed into an auto standing by the curb and began fooling with the levers. The machine suddenly started, and though the lad knew nothing about the parts he steered it safely for 10 miles along the highway, followed by mounted police and five other autos.

Then, in turning out for a wagon, the machine jumped a stone wall, ran across a 10-acre field, jumped a ditch, knocked a cow down and came to a stop in a thicket. It was found free from injury, but the boy was given 30 days in jail to think it over.

New Name for Indian Babies.

A kindergarten teacher explained to little Dorothy that an Indian woman was called a squaw, and asked her what an Indian baby was called. The reply came promptly: "A squawker."

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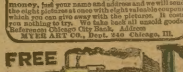

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Every Friday we have speeking & the teecher sets on the platform wile we are saying our pesces. I spoke a peece last week that started His hands are folded across his brest, & the teecher sez" That must be my husband, the only time his hands are not folded across his brest is when I have my pay day.

A Grain of Musk.

It is said that a grain of musk will diffuse a perceptible odor through a room for more than twenty years. It does this by filling the air with particles of its substance; but so inconceivably minute are these particles that if the musk be weighed at the end of the twenty years, no loss of weight can be detected. That seems incredible, doesn't it? And yet nature gives us many equally striking examples of what scientists call the divisibility of matter. A grain of copper dissolved in nitric acid will give a blue color to three pints of water. That means that each separate particle of water must contain a part of the grain of copper, which is thus, it has been estimated, divided into about one hundred million parts. The spider's web is so attenuated that enough of it to go around the earth would weigh only about eight ounces, and yet this slender thread is composed of about a thousand separate filaments.

The Weight of moke.

It is related that Sir Walter Raleigh won a wager from Queen Elizabeth by reason of his knowledge of the indestructibility of matter. Having weighed out a sufficient quantity of tobacco to fill his pipe, he came into the Queen's presence, and offered to bet her that he could tell her the weight of the smoke that came from it. Elizabeth accepted the bet, and Sir Walter quietly finished his pipe. (As he had just introduced tobacco in England, it was not considered "bad form" for him to smoke before the Queen.) Having finished his smoking, he took the ashes, gathered to one pile and weighed them; and, subtracting the amount from the weight of the tobacco originally put into the pipe, he told her the exact weight of the smoke.

Girl Leads Bird Choir.

At the Chapel of St. Peter in Florence there is a choir of birds, the only one of its kind in existence. The birds—300 in number—are all in separate cages which are arranged in rows on both sides of the altar. The leader is a girl who has had the birds under her own personal training for over two years. The whole of the musical part of the service is most exquisitely rendered by them. The leader starts each hymn by whistling the first few notes, and then the birds take it up, in obedience to the movement of the instructor's hand.

A Lively Ride.

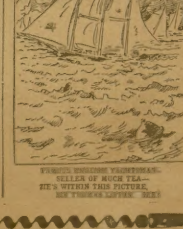
At Manchester, England, a newsboy 12 years old, climbed into an auto standing by the curb and began fooling with the levers. The machine suddenly started, and though the lad knew nothing about the parts he steered it safely for 10 miles along the highway, followed by mounted police and five other autos.

Then, in turning out for a wagon, the machine jumped a stone wall, ran across a 10-acre field, jumped a ditch, knocked a cow down and came to a stop in a thicket. It was found free from injury, but the boy was given 30 days in jail to think it over.

New Name for Indian Babies.

A kindergarten teacher explained to little Dorothy that an Indian woman was called a squaw, and asked her what an Indian baby was called. The reply came promptly: "A squawker."

CAN YOU FIND?



WORLD'S RENOWN TEA-TESTER.
SELLER OF MUCH TEA—
HE'S WITHIN THIS PICTURE.
SET THINGS LIFTIN' SEE?